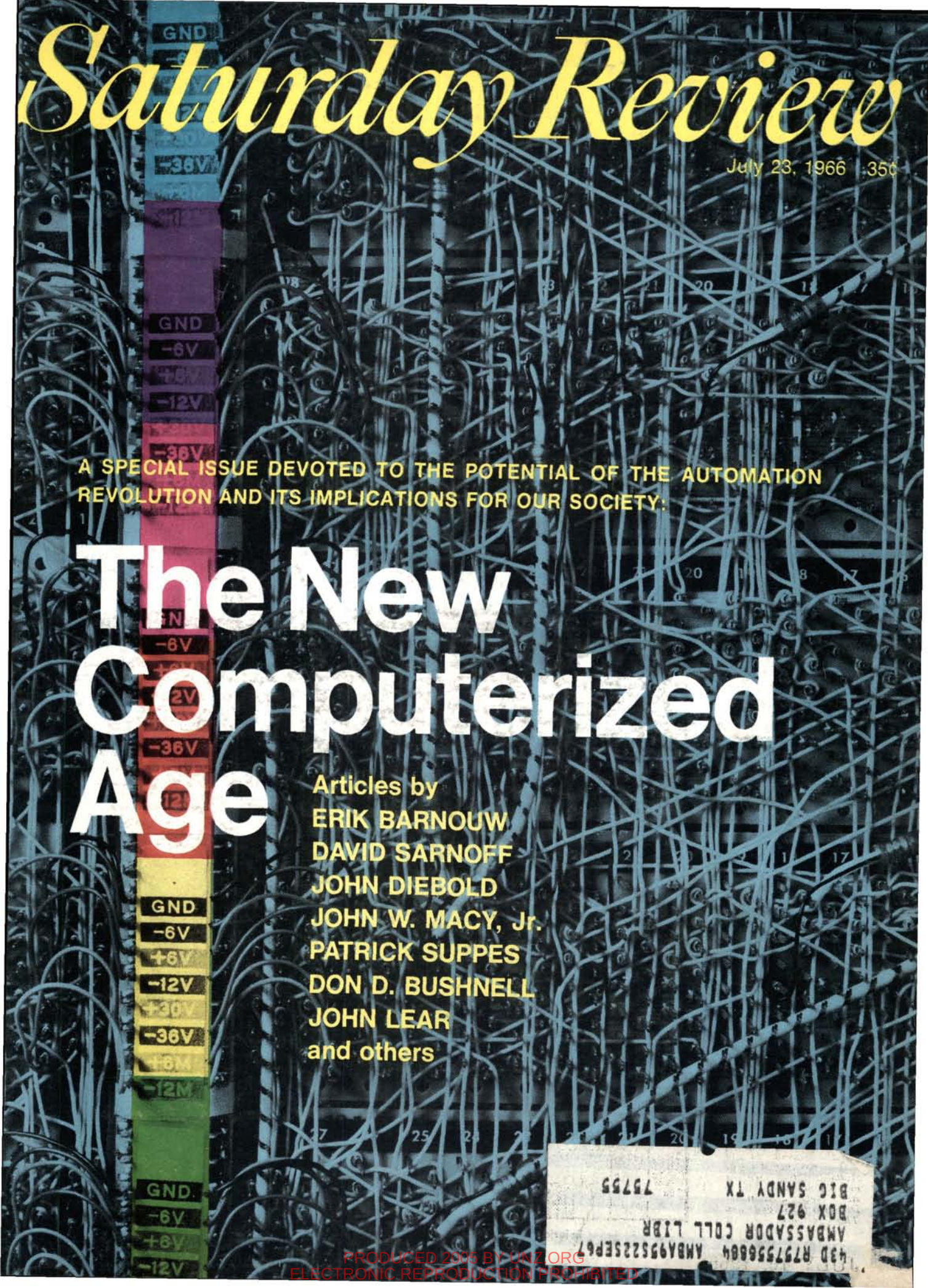
Saturday Review

July 23, 1966 35¢



A SPECIAL ISSUE DEVOTED TO THE POTENTIAL OF THE AUTOMATION REVOLUTION AND ITS IMPLICATIONS FOR OUR SOCIETY:

The New Computerized Age

Articles by
ERIK BARNOUW
DAVID SARNOFF
JOHN DIEBOLD
JOHN W. MACY, Jr.
PATRICK SUPPES
DON D. BUSHNELL
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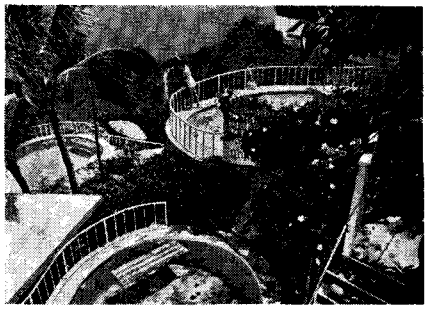

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Saturday Review

July 23, 1966

Cover Design by Pageant Studio

SR: Ideas

15 The New Computerized Age: A Special Section with articles by John Diebold, Erik Barnouw, David Sarnoff, John W. Macy, Jr., Patrick Suppes, Don D. Bushnell, John Tebbel, Vernon F. Miller, and John Lear
42 The Computer and the Poet: An Editorial

SR: Books

45 Literary Horizons, by Granville Hicks
45 Index of books reviewed
56 Books for Young People, by Alice Dalgliesh

SR: Departments

4 Phoenix Nest: Martin Levin
7 Top of My Head: Goodman Ace
8 Trade Winds: John G. Fuller
12 Manner of Speaking: John Ciardi
43 Letters to the Editor
46 Literary Crypt
52 Literary I.Q.
61 *SR* Goes to the Movies: Hollis Alpert, Andrew Sarris, and Eugene Archer at European film festivals
64 Travel: Maurice Zolotow
66 TV and Radio: Robert Lewis Shayon
68 As Others See Us
74 Kingsley Double-Crostic No. 1685

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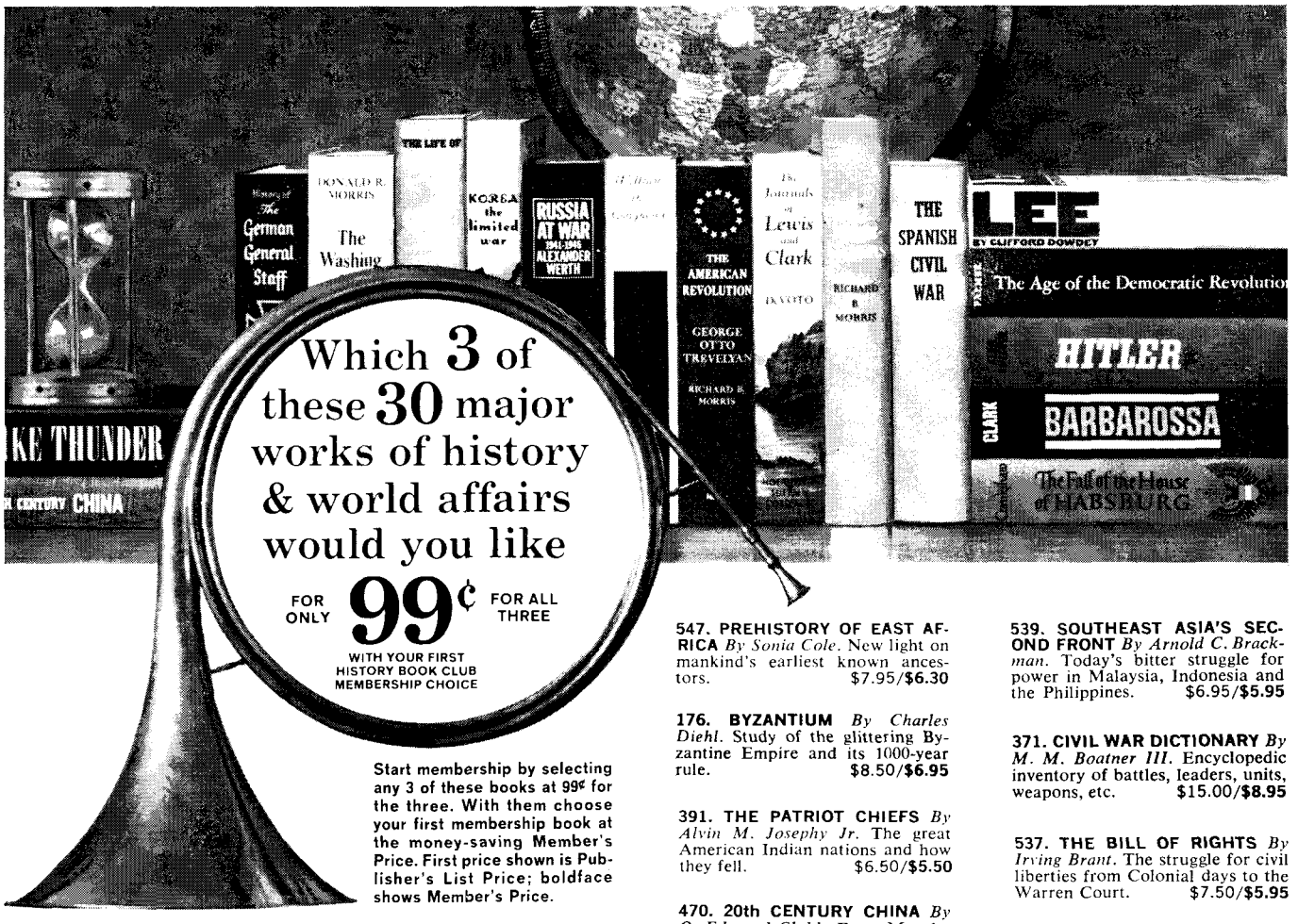

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Measuring Up

The Woolworth Building

I HAVE a feeling that we cannot go on using the term "guidelines" much longer. It is vague, its meaning imprecise. It offends the orderly mind. We need something less blurred, an image that will suggest sound values, integrity, and security, and be instantly understood.

I have no idea where we shall find it, and I dislike the thought of returning to "yardstick" or "criterion." But lately I have been remembering how pleasant it was in the days when we measured so many things against the Woolworth Building. I have even wondered how in the world we ever got along without the Woolworth Building and why, having found it, we allowed it to slip away from us.

For the Woolworth Building, which opened in 1913, was a gift of rare value to newspaper and magazine editors, who lost little time showing off their discovery. It reared its tower proudly as the world's tallest skyscraper. It was universally known and admired; and even critics who thought its borrowed Gothic airs too ornate had to concede that as a standard of measurement it was unique. It delighted the eye while it guided the mind and it did it with no unseemly show. I can still recall my own excitement when I first saw its picture with the transatlantic liner *Berengaria* standing alongside on its stern.

Before 1913, it is true, there had been attempts to measure things against other widely known structures, but for the most part the results were feeble and often ludicrous. The Greatest Pyramid of Cheops and the Eiffel Tower had been tried but each had its drawbacks: the pyramid was only 450 feet high and Egyptian; the Eiffel Tower was 984 feet and French. The Woolworth Building was 792 and American. Its vertical lines were superb.

It destroyed false or exaggerated claims. It had a stabilizing effect. When the matter of a ship's length was questioned, a foresighted editor simply stood the ship alongside the Woolworth Building, which everybody knew was 792 feet tall. The liner *Leviathan* was put to the test; so were the *Majestic* and the *Olympic* and other vessels of the Cunard and White Star lines, as well as those of the North German Lloyd and the French Line and a number of warships. In their turn, various notable dirigibles of the 1920s appeared, among them the *Shenandoah*, the *Los Angeles*, and the *Graf Zeppelin*.

If a herring smack sank in 125 fathoms of water and an editor wished to show how deep that was he changed the 125 fathoms to 750 feet and had a wavy line drawn 42 feet below the top of the Woolworth Building with a sketch of the herring smack on Broadway, which an artist had transformed into the sea's sandy bottom.

Were it desirable to show the altitude of a mountain, the height of Bunker Hill monument or Niagara Falls, or the depths of the Red Sea, the Woolworth Building was always there to serve. It was perhaps the most faithful of New York buildings in this regard. (I can think of no building today to compare with it.) Should an economist speak of $18 billion, a sum few people could visualize in those days, the money was drawn, in bills or coins, piled alongside the Woolworth Building, and everything became clear.

No one spoke of the building as a guideline. Everybody knew it was and everybody knew it could be trusted. A man need not lie awake at night trying to imagine how long the aircraft carrier *Saratoga* was. He had seen it standing alongside the Woolworth Building. With such reassurance he could sleep well. —JOHN FERRIS.

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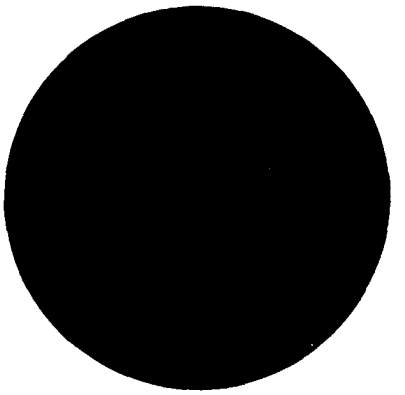

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It's Getting In The Way Of Industrial Peace In The Bell System

NEGOTIATIONS BETWEEN CWA — the Communications Workers of America — and Western Electric will be in serious difficulty unless this big decimal point obstruction can be cleared away.

We are concerned because Bell System management shows little interest in clearing this barrier to agreement.

The decimal point symbolizes the 3.2 per cent national wage 'guidelines'. That 3.2 figure is wrong from the standpoint of economic theory and of practical labor-management relations. It will hinder, not help, the settlement of differences.

In our bargaining with Western Electric's Installation Division, as in all our negotiations, CWA believes in the value of flexible guidelines to help labor and management reach agreements that will benefit each other and the public we all serve.

But a decimal point phobia, in which government decree takes the place of free collective bargaining, carries definite dangers for all of us.

That's why we are deeply concerned that the idea of a helpful, flexible guideline has become, for some government economists, a rigid, inflexible reliance on 'three-decimal-point-two' per cent as a *maximum* package for wages and benefits.

That won't work.

As CWA President Joseph A. Beirne told the union's convention last month:

"This year Bell management has made clear it would like to strangle us with a 3.2 guideline. And we say . . . we are not going through all the hard work of collective bargaining just to arrive at 3.2. There are real economic problems that must be solved. A decimal point won't solve them."

* * *

Here's the situation at Western Electric Installation! CWA is bargaining in New York City for a new national contract to replace the three-year agreement that ends this July 28.

About 22,000 Western Electric installers are involved, in just about all the 50 states. These highly skilled workers are the men with the technical know-how to install the complex new central office telephone equipment that's going in around the country.

These are the men who installed and maintain the Washington-Moscow "hot line." Many worked on the DEW line in northern Canada . . . our sentry against surprise air attack. Others work on the sophisticated special communications network of the Strategic Air Command.

Our country needs these men and their skills. The men need fair wage increases to provide decent incomes. They need improved pensions, with no deduction from the retiree's pension check of the money he gets from social security. They need company-paid health and hospitalization as in most other big industries. They need security for their union, to promote responsible labor-management relationships.

These matters will require hard bargaining, with a give-and-take between union and company.

That guideline decimal point won't provide the answers . . . and it gets in the way of an agreement.

That's why it's getting in the way of industrial peace.

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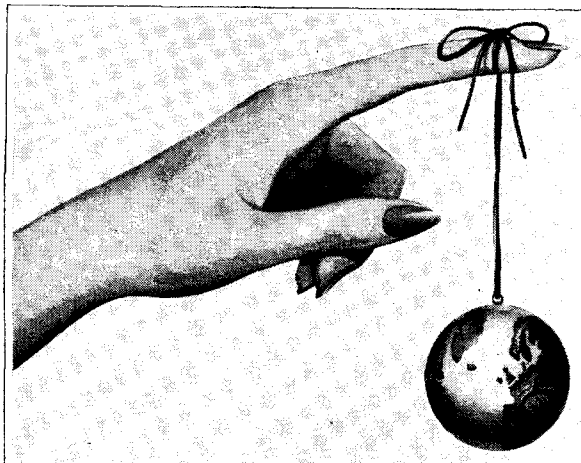

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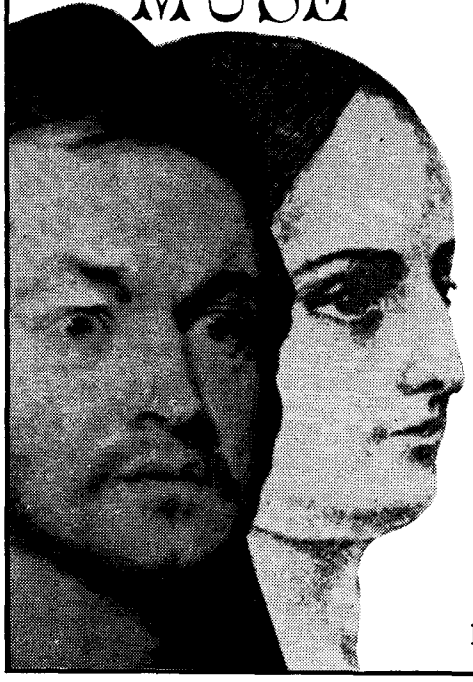

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—PARKE CUMMINGS.

Lyrics from a Lived-in Life

1907

From this time on
With added frequence
I recall events
But forget their sequence.

T. R. discovered
The "River Of Doubt"
And somebody rubbed
McKinley out.

Ingersoll invented
The Ingersoll watch
And a fellow named
Hackenschmidt
Wrestled Gotch.

The Japanese Mikado
And the Russian Czar
Declared each other
Had gone too far.

Henry Ford
Built the Model T
As tin as the stomach
Of Old John D.

My father put money
In the Knickerbocker Trust
In 1907
The Knickerbocker bust.

I heard a speech
By Eugene Debs
And the guys on the block
All smoked cubebs.

The Flatiron Building
Reached to the sky
They said it was
Twenty-two stories high.

These world events
Like a Gilbert patter
Had great portents
But they didn't matter.

But what *did* count
Was I made my mark
In a marble tournament
In Mount Morris Park.

—HOWARD DIETZ.

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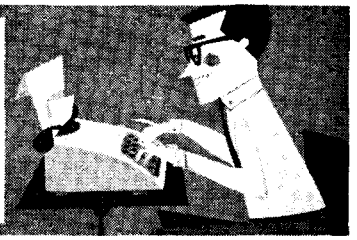
Top of My Head



"Manner of Speaking"

I'VE GIVEN up expecting to hear much of the Queen's English on TV. But lately we've not been getting even the President's, as this sample multiplied many times daily will testify:

During a Yankee baseball telecast Phil Rizzuto was distinctly heard to say to his loquacious fellow announcer Jerry Coleman: "Jerry, I was talking to Clete Boyer and he agreed with you and I he shouldn't have been charged with an error."

This is not to disparage little Phil, because, holy cow, he's my favorite baseball announcer. No doubt in early school days while the other kids were learning that a preposition takes the objective and not the nominative case, little Phil was fantasying the day he would play ball in Yankee Stadium and be nominated for the Hall of Fame at Cooperstown. And I think he will. But not for "for you and I."

In my grammar class I, too, fidgeted irritably while the lady up there kept repeating that "I" follows the intransitive verb and "Me", the transitive. I could never understand her insistence. As her words flowed past me I was fantasying the number of marbles I would win during recess. Which probably accounts for my having lost so many as the years sped by.

But one thing I do remember from those days is a bit of famous doggerel to help guide me in spelling. It goes:

> I before E
> Except after C
> Or when sounded as A
> As in Neighbor and Weigh.

This has always stood me in good stead. Except when I'm typing. But it occurs to me that more of those poems might have been a great help to proper use of English. So as a long time resident of Samaria I offer these poetic guidelines, the first one particularly for little Phil:

> It's you and I
> Except when you try
> To pour some tea
> For you and me.

If we could only etch this little gem in our memories what a tattoo job that would be. Another "wincer" (don't you?) is this next one:

> A girl who is wont
> To complain that "He don't"
> Will find he never will
> And he doesn't still.

I heard one elegant lady guest on a TV show ask the host: "Do you mind me suggesting something?" Well, I have a poem for her:

> If you can't imagine my writing
> This poem for your reciting,
> Please don't think it too aggressive
> My suggesting the participle takes the possessive.

This next one is not one you verbalize. It's appearance daily on the written page is commonplace and its a real wincer:

> If you don't like it's taste
> Don't give it up in haste.
> Far sweeter it will be
> If you delete that apostrophe.

And this one is for secretaries to memorize:

> Secretaries who ask: "Whom shall I say is calling?"
> (And believe me, my friends, their number's appalling)
> To them I whisper nothings for a moment or two
> Until they ask over again "Who? Who? Who?"

Ode to Conclusion

But my sonnets to grammar will go entirely unheeded
Especially by people by who they're most needed.
They will jeer at my verses, and you may well guess
They will have me unfrocked, a bogus TS.
My meter is hopscotch, my scanning is bent
Though the labor of their creation has left me quite spent.
So now to a refresher, an ice-cooled Bacardi
And leave all *SR* rhyming to Robert Lee Frost.

—GOODMAN ACE.

...but the cost will tell you it's

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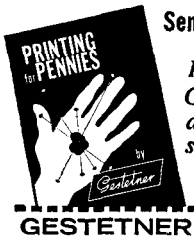

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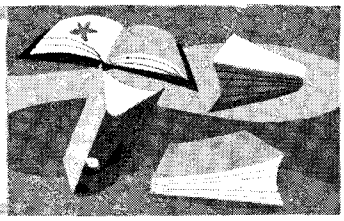
Trade Winds



The express purpose of a holiday on a hot summer weekend is to restore the nerves, rejuvenate the spirit, and to provide the body with a needed tonic of sun and air. This is especially true when the holiday is spent on that body of land, completely surrounded by legend, known as Martha's Vineyard. A favorite haunt of artists and writers for many decades, this island looks haughtily at both Cape Cod and Nantucket from a safe distance across the water.

On a recent Sunday we carried out a relentless telephone survey of the literary group on the island, and a goodly percentage of the group, we regret to say, were caught flat-footed in the act of actually working. We posed one simple question: What were you doing at the moment the telephone rang? With the temperature nearly 100 degrees, it seemed both ungentlemanly and ungraceful that such a preponderance of successful authors, most of whom can practically command their own time, should answer as they did.

Shirley Ann Grau, for instance, winner of the 1965 Pulitzer Prize for fiction with *The Keepers of the House*, has a household to manage and three yeasty children to keep at bay; yet at 11:13 in the morning she was hard at work in a converted garage she uses as a study. The project she was working on she is not yet at liberty to talk about. But she was at the stage that she describes as "just playing with the papers," a phrase she constantly uses when she is working on a new story. She finds she works best in the morning, and makes it a point to dart out to the study soon after breakfast is over. A holiday weekend means little or nothing to her.

Not much more than a beach-plum's throw away from Miss Grau, at 11:32 that morning, Max Eastman, in his youthful eighties, was just sitting down at his desk, getting ready to work on an essay on the motives of modern art.

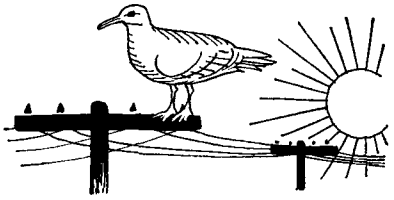
"I stagger directly from the breakfast table to the desk," he told us, "or else I'm lost for the rest of the day. Holidays? I don't exactly know what they are. I think an author has to keep at his desk every day to keep up his morale. And if I don't get there right after breakfast, I'm done for."

The second volume of his autobiography, *Love and Revolution*, published last year, is still doing nicely at the stalls, but he has no plans for a third volume. "I guess I'm tired of thinking about myself," he said.

In another part of the forest, at 11:57 that hot morning, author and educator John Tebbel was finishing his second cup of coffee and was hard at work ghost-writing a magazine article for a well-known scientist on, of all things, some new facts about prostitution. He was just typing the last page of a revision of the article. He has arranged his work space in his summer home so that he can only stare at a blank wall, and he uses an electric typewriter that often prints an extra "k" at the end of a line.

"With this subject," he said, "I should probably be writing in bed."

When he completed the typing of the last page, he threatened to turn to further research on his four-volume history of book publishing, in spite of the heady temperature. The first volume will not be ready before 1970.



At 12:42, with the noon sun baking the backs of the more fortunate vacationers, author, director, and lecturer Margaret Webster was in her Gay Head cottage getting out clothes for two lectures and a recital she was about to give in Chicago. "Quite frankly," she said, "I was cursing when the phone rang. My shoes were impossibly tangled up with my dresses, and this is no time and place to be thinking about full-dess regalia in Chicago, or anywhere else. I wish I had something more interesting and colorful to tell you, but that's the way it is."

Visiting Miss Webster, whose *Shakespeare Without Tears* is a bible to many, was Pamela Frankau. She was just awaiting the proofs of the third book of her trilogy, *Over the Mountains*, due any day from Random House. "I was frankly just making my way to bed," Miss Frankau told us. "There was a miserable whippoorwill just outside my window last night, and he used his beak like a conductor's baton every time he was ready to burst into an aria. I slept precisely one hour and a half, and then completed a thirty-four-mile round trip to early mass. I *do* think we must do *something* about whippoorwills, don't you?"

By mid-afternoon on that insufferable day we contacted other authors, who, while not working at their desks, were working in less sublime surroundings. Henry Beetle Hough, at 2:15 p.m., had just wheeled his spade and wheelbarrow into his garage after planting a Japanese maple in a sanctuary near his house, known as the Sheriff's Meadow Foundation—a living museum to preserve the beauty of the island, operated somewhat like the Audubon Society.

Clare Barnes, Jr., creator of *The White Collar Zoo*, and illustrator of the two recent books *The Secret of Cooking for Dogs* (and also, Cats) was hip-deep in hay, and sweltering.

Robert Heilbroner, the first real vacationer we encountered, had just come in from the beach, where he and his son Peter had spotted a Piping Plover. "My other son, David, was unfortunately under water," he said. His new book, *The Limits of American Capitalism* (Harper & Row), will appear in September.

Playwright Lillian Hellman was also in the role of a vacationer, having emerged from the beach in front of her house only moments before we called. The yellow sweater that she had been knitting three years ago when we reported on her was now being worn, after having been redone by approximately three expert knitting doctors.

Such was the state of this island on that hot Sunday. But anything is likely to happen there. Only the day before, a clerk in an up-island grocery store had explained patiently by phone to a caller that, in order to purchase on credit, he would have to supply more credit references than he had provided.

The caller: Nicholas Katzenbach, Attorney General of the United States.

—John G. Fuller.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1684)

(Norman) Cousins:
(THE DELEGATION OF) THE SURVIVAL INSTINCT
(Editorial, *Saturday Review*, April 9, 1966)

If the instinct for human survival is atrophying but not yet dead, where will regeneration come from? It cannot come from the group, however exalted the purpose of the group may be. The hope has to reside where it has always been—with the individual.

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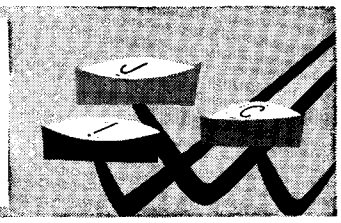
Manner of Speaking



Eve: An Expert View: Ah, what it is to a man to become an acknowledged expert in those mysteries of which every man is a passionate amateur! "Amateur" is, properly, a French word meaning "lover." As with all men in their time, I used to think of myself as a lover. Now, alas, I calculate myself as an estate. It was certainly somewhere between these two ontogenous stages that I became—secretly, of course—an expert on women.

Now, it seems, the secret is out. Recently, for the sixth time in four or five years, an editor of one of the upper-bracket "slicks" has asked me to do an article about women. Specifically, he wanted a piece on the mystery of Eve, and he was willing to pay for it at a lot of dollars per word. Would I take on the assignment?

But my heart, I declare, is pure. I was not about to tell all, not even at many dollars a word, and I dictated my reply accordingly. Then, as I reread the letter that came back typed up for signature, I found myself thinking of those other editors who had offered me similar assignments. Was the truth out—the truth I had clutched in secret for so many years?

The boob-we-all-are clung caressingly to the thought. How astute of those editors to have guessed me out. And yet, as we all know, the truth *will*, finally, be sighted. Not as regularly, perhaps, as a UFO. But one clear night of the soul will come, a man will look up, and there it will be—alight, mysterious, illusory, yet for the moment escaped from illusion and there to be seen.

But even as I floated in the air of that mystery, one part of my mind knew it was being carried away by the idiot id. I was being carried away almost to the point of thinking of Madison Avenue as a piece of physical geography, and of editors as if they were authentically people, complete even to the illusion of having a nervous system.

The drab fact of it is that my status as an acknowledged expert began about five years ago when another prosperous "slick" undertook a feature on (more or less), "What Men Know about Women," and set about to assemble an all-purpose jury of experts. The editors had rounded up, in whatever order, an actor, a painter, a dynamic bachelor executive, a young psychiatrist who drove a sports car, and a few other categorical types, when someone, I guess, decided that a categorical poet was in order and put me on the jury. Once I was empaneled, my duties consisted simply of filling out answers to a haphazardry of sparkling questions the mimeograph happened to have left over from some previous stencil. Sample sparkling question: "Is it true that the way to a man's heart is through his stomach?" Sample sparkling answer: "Depends on what he's hungry for."

Great oaks have seldom grown from smaller potatoes, and yet I was forced to realize, to one side of my self-aggrandizing reverie, that it was from just such a beginning that I soon found myself in a position to resist several thousand precariously easy dollars for that estate into which I am declining.

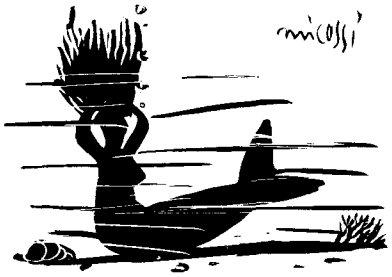
But had I acted wisely? I thought of the (probably rueful) expertise my sons could acquire for themselves once they had been willed the profits. Is it right to withhold truth from the world and walk-around money from young explorers? Should I not have told all? Or at least some, if only a first tantalizing revelation to be expanded into a memoir? Did I owe nothing to Eve herself?

I did refuse. Let my sons scrounge for themselves. Let the world guess on. And, certainly, let no memoir be written. No man walks out on Eve lightly, and I am not about to walk away from her telling all.

I, in fact, went walking *with* her, if only in my mind, looping north on Park Avenue, and west to Madison and Fifth, and not till I found myself in front of the Metropolitan Museum did I realize that I had been walking with intent to confer with a fellow expert who signed himself Karoli Crivelli and added Veneti in honor of his Venetian birth, though his career was primarily in Ancona where he was known in the vernacular as Carlo Crivelli. Crivelli was a Quattrocento master, and his *Madonna and Child* in the Metropolitan is one of the few baits by which I could be tempted to organize a team and go out looting empires, if only I knew how.

Who is Eve? I won't pretend to a woman's answer, but if you want a glimpse into the heart and secret of a man's view, go look at Crivelli. She is the bland-faced mother wearing a bead-studded wooden halo. She is standing in front of a piece of silk moiré that has been folded over, meticulously pressed, and then opened out to hang behind her, held there by red shoe-laces attached to the sky hooks of Crivelli's *fiat*. Above her, on either side, hang inedibly perfect peaches and cucumbers. Behind the cloth—it, too, visible on either side—the drabness of the real world shows a glimpse of itself, dusty, incidental, and remote.

She is on this side of that arbitrary cloth, here in the conceived world. She is holding her imp-faced child on a scrofulous purple cushion atop an ornate but cracked low wall. Each of her Dresden hands is half as long as the child is tall. The child seems to be strangling a woodpecker he clutches to his breast. Sharing the wall with him shines a jeweled fly at least as large as his foot. The lady's face might have been borrowed from a doll, yet it has felt love, sorrow, and serenity. Her robe is as stiffly elaborate as an Easter cardinal's. She is both a mother and a child, both enameled and real.



And now comes *your* turn: *This*, you ask, is the mystery of Eve? Speaking as one expert about another, yes.

The center of her nature as man has dreamed her? In a glimpse, yes.

The Madonna? Yes. Half of her.

But doesn't she look as much like Aphrodite? Of course, the other half.

But isn't she too insipid for either? Yes, half of her. But keep looking under the doll sheen for that reposeful and self-knowing other half.

And this is all you really have to say about her? When you have thought enough about her, yes.

And you have been spouting all this nonsense about the secret of Eve when you cannot even distinguish the idea of the Madonna from the idea of Aphrodite? It is exactly because they will not stay separated that Crivelli has caught the secret of her. I am speaking now as an acknowledged expert, if you please. She is the Aphrodite-Madonna and the Madonna-Aphrodite, seemingly doll-faced, seemingly malleable, seemingly too pure for this world, yet felt, self-identified, within reach of the jeweled fly-speck, and with the impossible child in her unbelievable hands.

And you seriously claim that you turned down a big fat check because you would not share *this* secret? Ah, but I don't know another editor in the world who would have let me say it my own way.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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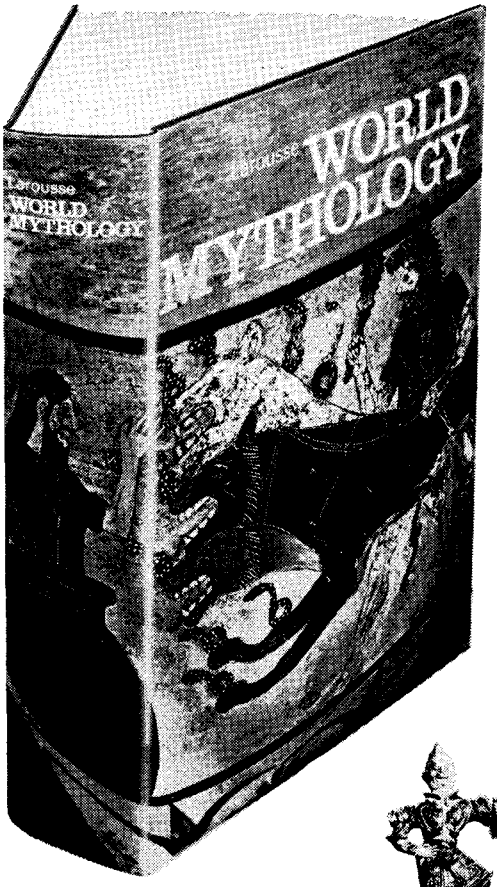

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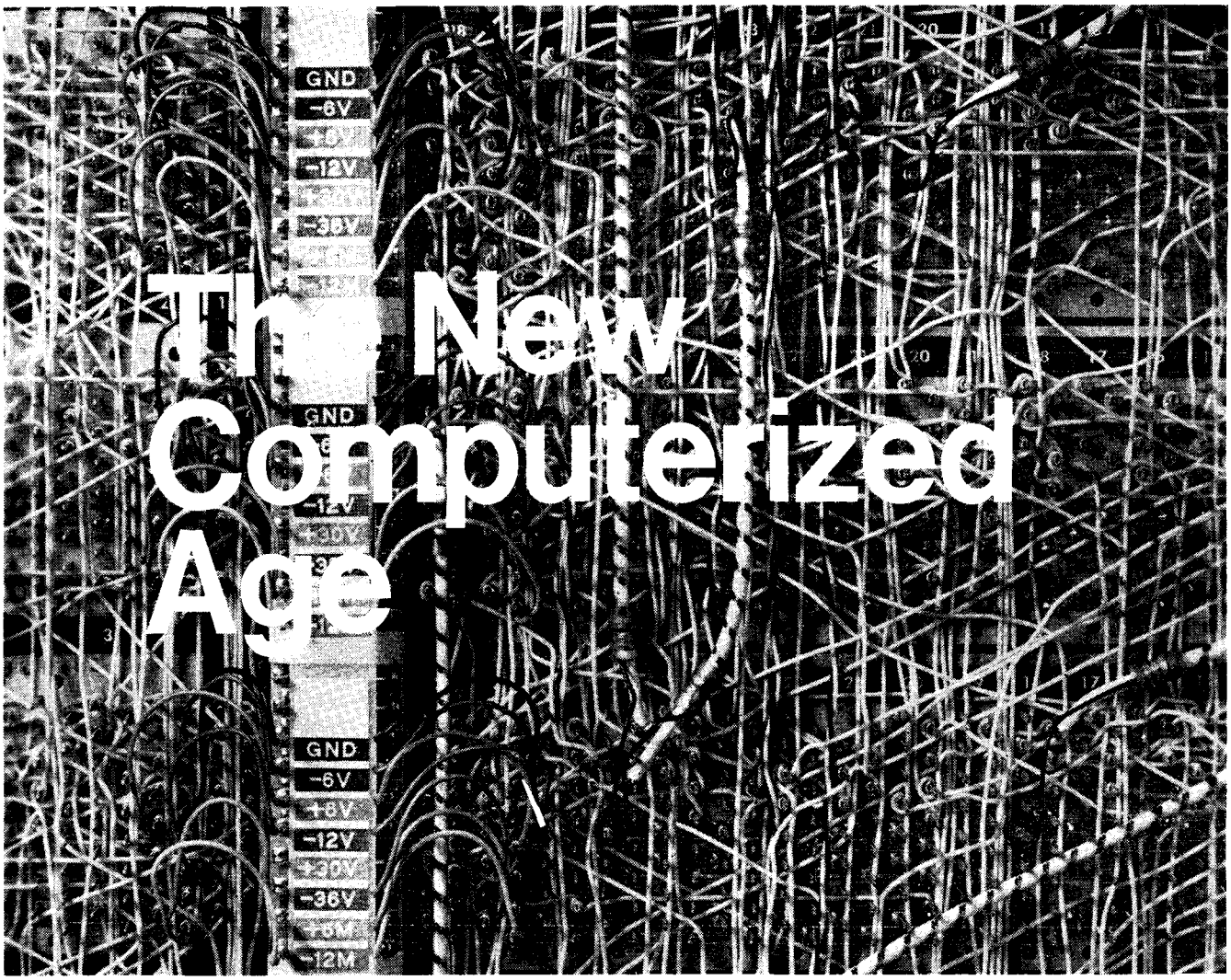

The New Computerized Age

A SPECIAL ISSUE OF *SR* DEVOTED TO THE POTENTIALITY OF THE AUTOMATION REVOLUTION AND ITS IMPLICATIONS FOR OUR SOCIETY

FEW technological developments are formidable enough to mark turning points in human history. Two such phenomena have occurred in our time: the atomic bomb and the computer.

The implications of the bomb are beginning to be understood—its capacity for instant and total destruction has been demonstrated. The implications of the computer as yet are only faintly comprehended. That they will be awesome is already apparent. Indeed, as Dr. Jerome B. Wiesner, Dean of Science at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology and former science adviser to President Kennedy, wrote recently in *The New York Times:*

"The computer, with its promise of a million-fold increase in man's capacity to handle information, will undoubtedly have the most far-

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reaching social consequences of any contemporary technical development. The potential for good in the computer, and the danger inherent in its misuse, exceed our ability to imagine. . . . We have actually entered a new era of evolutionary history, one in which rapid change is a dominant consequence. Our only hope is to understand the forces at work and to take advantage of the knowledge we find to guide the evolutionary process."

The following special section is an attempt to identify some of these forces and to consider their implications. Nine authorities of diverse backgrounds discuss the possibilities and dangers of a computerized age. As their reports make clear, ultimately no area of human life will remain untouched by it. In the words of automation consultant John Diebold, whose article, "The New World Coming," introduces the section, "A complete new environment will exist."

The changes in business, government, science, education, and communications are occurring at a time when our technological capacity already has outstripped our understanding of many of its ramifications; when, as Marshall McLuhan, University of Toronto professor who often is quoted on the influence of electronic media (see Erik Barnouw's article), has said, the tumultuous pace of change already has resulted in an "information overload."

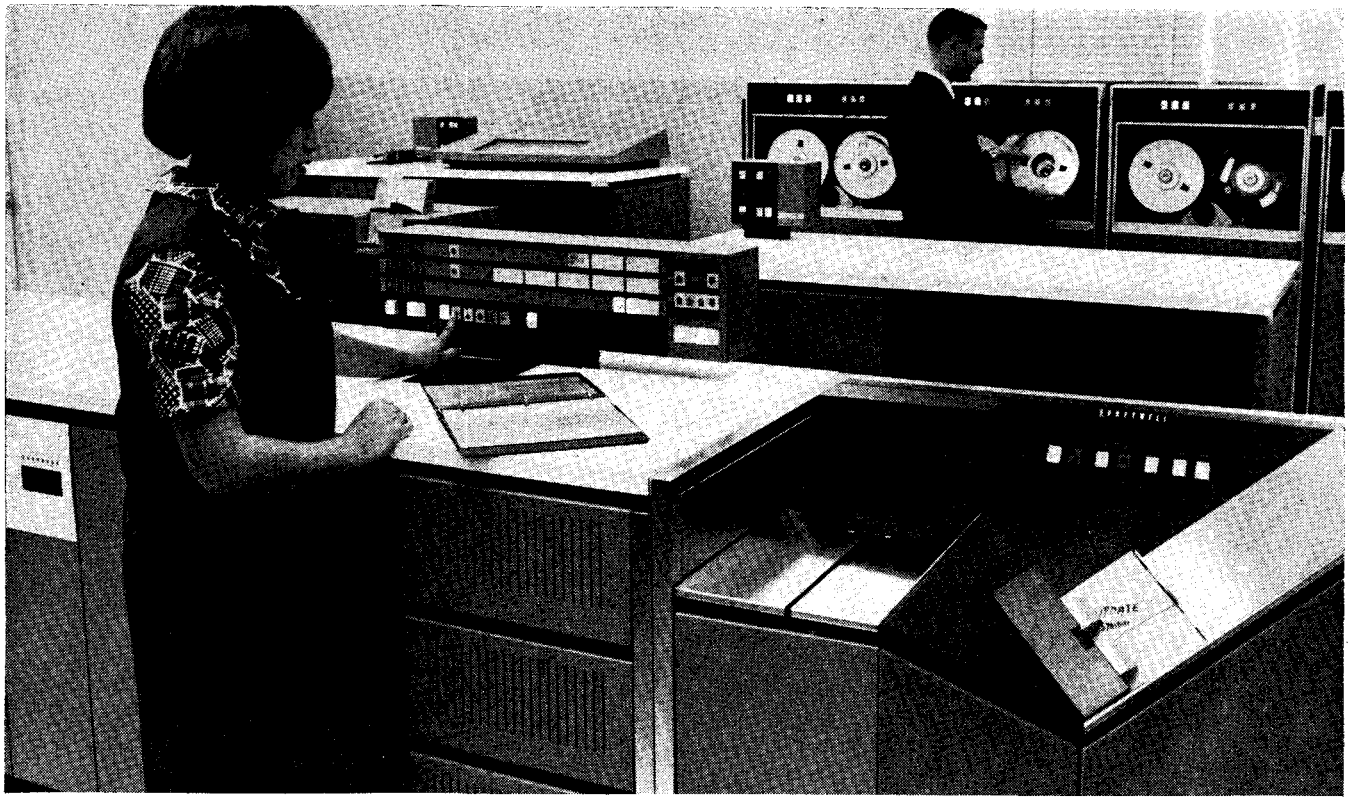
Decades ago, W. B. Yeats wrote, "The visible world is no longer a reality, and the unseen world is no longer a dream." More and more this will be true in the computerized age.

In addition to Mr. Diebold and Professor Barnouw, contributors to the section are: General David Sarnoff, Chairman of the Board of the Radio Corporation of America; John W. Macy, Jr., Chairman of the U.S. Civil Service Commission; Patrick Suppes, Director of the Institute for Mathematical Studies in the Social Sciences, Stanford University; Don D. Bushnell, Associate Director of the Brooks Foundation and past president of the Association for Educational Data Systems; the Reverend Vernon F. Miller, pastor of the Goshen City, Indiana, Church of the Brethren; John Tebbel, New York University journalism professor and author; and John Lear, *SR*'s Science Editor.

The editors wish to acknowledge the valuable contribution of William L. Schubert, of the McCall Corporation, in the basic planning and preparation of this issue.

—The Editors.

"A million-fold increase in man's capacity . . ."



Computers will be nothing new to these high school students when they graduate from the DeKalb area vocational school in Georgia. Here they are learning to operate a high-speed Honeywell 200 computer, installed for classroom training.

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THE NEW WORLD COMING

Tomorrow's computers will revolutionize business, education, communications, science—in ways only dimly foreseen.

By JOHN DIEBOLD

It is an extraordinary era in which we live. It is altogether new. The world has seen nothing like it before. I will not pretend, no one can pretend, to discern the end; but everybody knows that the age is remarkable for scientific research into the heavens, the earth, what is beneath the earth; and perhaps more remarkable still is the application of this scientific research to the pursuit of life. The ancients saw nothing like it. The moderns have seen nothing like it until the present generation . . . The progress of the age has almost outstripped human belief.

THOSE WORDS were not spoken today—though I choose them to set today in perspective – but were used in 1847 by Daniel Webster when he opened a new stretch of railroad track in New Hampshire. A greater parallel exists between that era and our own than we normally realize. In that earlier era, science first began to be applied on a wide scale and out of that process came an entirely new society—an industrial society. Out of it, too, came problems, many of which still plague us. When we look back at that great technological upheaval, the real significance of those then-wondrous machines is the human and social change that accompanied their industrial use.

Just as yesterday's innovations proved to be moments in history—way stations leading to newer technology—so today the conception of the computer which we have learned to accept is becoming a thing of the past. Up-to-date systems are no longer glassed-in, carefully isolated accounting machines. Instead they perform an almost limitless variety of functions, and vary with individual requirements.

For example, the newest computer systems may appear as input/output units in individual desks; small television-like screens with keyboards and copying devices. When you ask a question you see the answer almost simultaneously on the screen. If you want a copy of the answer, you can make it immediately. The heart of the system is a switching center rather like the telephone system. Computers, storage elements of many varieties, and many other devices used as part of the system are accessible as you need them, connected through the switching center to the terminal unit at your fingertips. Thousands of people may use such systems at the same time, and each need know no more about the operation of the system than the average person knows about the telephone. In the next decade the typical computer system is going to be of this kind.

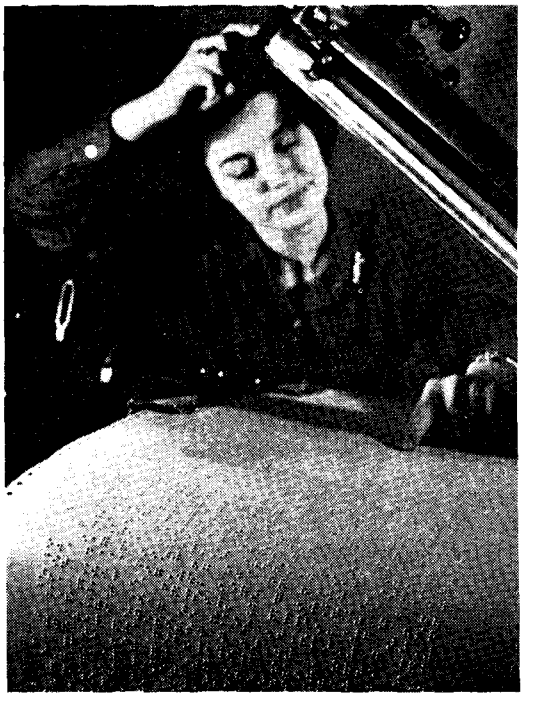
Another radical change stemming from these new computer systems involves the relationship between man and machine. One no longer need carry data down to a computer center, or go through a laborious process of getting it into the machine and then waiting for results. Each technological development is moving us toward an easier, more productive relationship between man and machine. Already, for example, a computer can transpose a rough design into exact specifications. If an engineer makes a free-hand drawing of a bridge on such a system's television-like screen, the computer will convert the drawing into exact engineering specifications, will calculate and display materials and stress, and show the design in whole, in part, or in any perspective, in immediate response to the engineer's requirements.

LOOKING ahead, we see important changes in technology such as chemical memories; fluid and pneumatic systems that have instantaneous response; ability to store images, graphs, drawings and photographs, and to transmit them around the world. All these will be important elements of future computer systems. Graphic elements and the ability to communicate with TV screens are already becoming influential in progress being made in computer design. Yesterday these elements were undreamed of.

Work is being done on language translation by machine. Some document-translation is already on a regular production basis—in fact, people are now attempting to digest articles by machine. This work is still in its beginning stages and there are many problems to be overcome. But the history of this technology is that what seems impossible today becomes an accepted part of our lives tomorrow.

Development of voice recognition by computer, while rife with problems, also is yielding results. Despite all the difficulties, voice-recognition equipment can be purchased today. No serious forecast about computer systems in the 1970s can omit voice recognition systems with several-thousand-word vocabularies. If this sounds unpromising, remember that only a few years ago people used to have two- and three-day meetings to discuss the problem of keeping records on magnetic tape. How naïve that seems to us now. Today, we already have machines that learn (they are called heuristic machines), that devise their own route to a goal or solution; machines that recognize patterns; and machines that can devise their own strategies – for example, winning at games with the men who design them.

Adding tremendous impetus to the technological explosion is the fact that, as computer capabilities are increasing, costs are decreasing. Between 1963 and 1972—a single decade—there will be a decrease of 85 per cent in the cost of completing a typical data-processing job. During this period, the cost of storage by magnetic tape will go down by 97 per cent; the cost of image storage by 96 per cent; and communication line costs, because of increased speeds of transmission, will decrease by 50 per cent. These changes in economics will



—Honeywell.

Computerized composition—books for the blind now can be translated into Braille by computer 100 times as fast as with standard methods.

The author, who generally is credited with coining the term "automation," is head of the Diebold Group, Inc., management consultants.

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mean that we will be able to do more with information technology than we now can even imagine.

Let me turn now to the problems of putting these machines to work.

NOWHERE is the turn toward technology more obvious than in the *way* we manage. When we first started to apply computers to business operations in 1954, we went through a very difficult experimentation period and were faced with the most puzzling kinds of problems. We have largely emerged from that period, however, and today we are using computers in business for almost everything conceivable—and much that was not just a few years ago. Senior management has begun to realize that the application of this technology is too important to leave to technicians, and that dramatic things can be accomplished if people who know the objectives of a business will take the responsibility of putting these new capabilities to work. When this happens, you find remarkable achievements.

But along with this progress have come new questions and problems. There are, for instance, union negotiation questions. Throughout the country, a number of owners of newspapers have been willing to stake the very existence of their enterprises on the right to install a computer to prepare punch-tape to drive linecasting machines. Just over the horizon, it is clear that this entire process will be bypassed. Is it worth risking an enterprise on a process that is disappearing?

There are many similar questions. What kind of men, for example, should be trained as managers in the new technological environment? How do we create an atmosphere that is conducive to creative people—for more and more of our businesses must be staffed by highly educated and creative personnel? These are only a few of the problems we face.

Most important are the human aspects. They are related to every problem we have in this field: questions of fear and uneasiness when faced with technological changes; questions of education; questions of identification with an enterprise, with a profession.

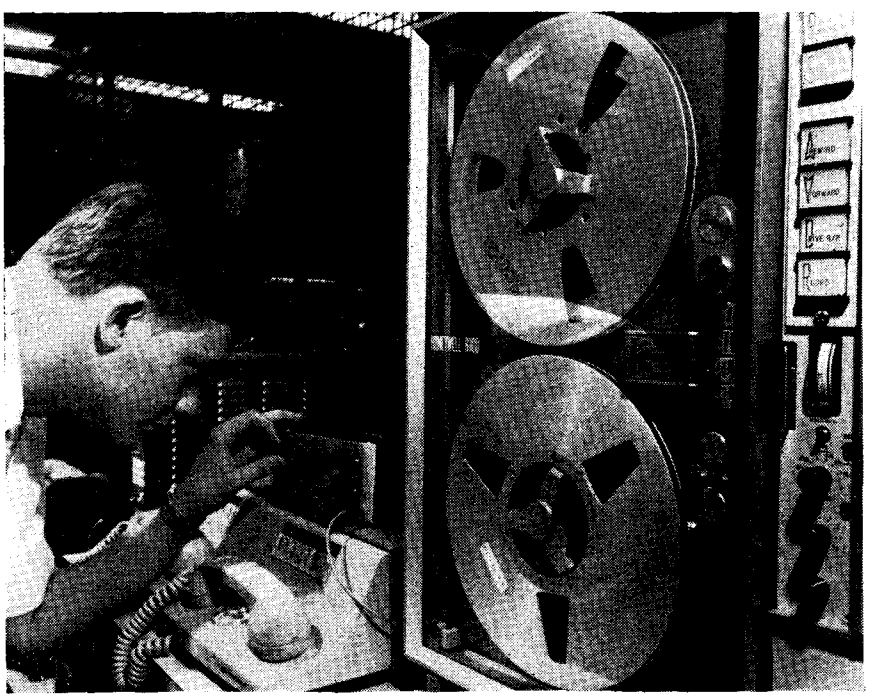
But along with the question of how we manage are questions concerning what we manage—of new areas of business opportunity. Here, I will speak of four main new entrepreneurial opportunities. The first is the obvious one that has already taken form – the industry that supplies the systems and the equipment. It is already a multi-billion dollar industry, and this is only the beginning.

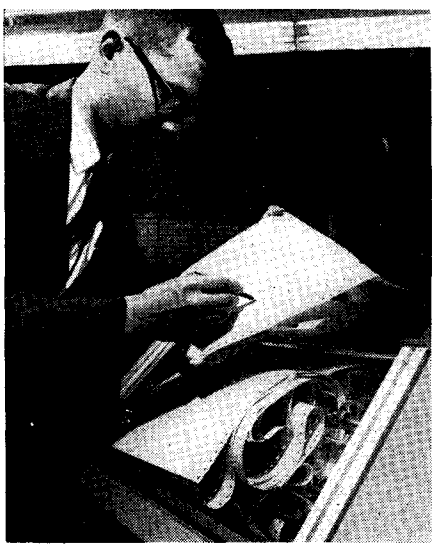
The second example, as yet nonexistent but about to bloom as an important basic industry, is the data utility field. This is analogous in some ways to the electrical utility industry: It is cheaper for many people to use a central utility than for each individual to have his own generator. The same economic reasoning applies to the data utility industry, where many people can use a machine simultaneously. The technology of real-time processing, time-sharing, and communication will allow this to happen. Small and medium-sized businesses—and for some purposes large businesses—will just plug in for data processing as we now do for electricity.

The third example is the one now being called the inquiry industry—in some ways, the publishing field of the future. This will allow the sale of proprietary data over a communications system in answer to a query placed by the customer. The possibilities are unlimited; practically any information can be provided. We have already started to see the purchase of publishing firms by electronic companies, and this is just the beginning. There will be major changes in ownership in this area in the near future as businesses begin to position themselves to offer such services.

THE fourth example is an industry of computer-based educational systems. As technology allows a dynamic or "alive" relationship between a student and a machine system that answers questions as they are posed and discerns gaps in a student's basic grasp of a subject, the much-heralded but until now disappointing teaching machines (better, I think, called learning machines) will begin to mean something. Such systems are already at work in some industrial situations—IBM's Maintenance Training being a good example. Other precursors can be seen in mentally handicapped children's use of computer-driven typewriters to help them overcome some of their handicaps.

If there is one salient fact about information technology, it is that it is going to produce enormous social change. As the quality of life is changed, as the rate of learning, information, travel, and communications all change, we will see a major change in living patterns, in hopes and desires. In short, a complete new environment will exist.





Computers in medicine—at the Heart Disease Control program field station in Washington, D.C., electrocardiograms can be received by phone and analyzed by a computer in less than a minute.

(Left) Technician monitors wave patterns on miniature oscilloscope.

(Above) Dr. James K. Cooper of George Washington University Medical School studies an analysis typed out in numerical form by a teleprinter.

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McLUHANISM RECONSIDERED

A cult has grown around the Toronto professor's theories of media influence. What do they mean? A fresh analysis.

—U.P.I.

Marshall McLuhan

By ERIK BARNOUW

THE GLOBE, says Marshall McLuhan in *Understanding Media*, is becoming a tribal village. Lately the village has been buzzing with his ideas.

Marshall McLuhan is a medium who is bringing us a message from a world beyond our ken. The message concerns our psychic environment; all environments, he tells us, are "imperceptible." His tidings are therefore not subject to verification and we must accept them largely on the authority of his crystal ball. But he relays his message to us in such vivid images that he is likely to compel an awed acceptance. To some extent, we go along willingly.

Erik Barnouw, Professor of Dramatic Arts at Columbia University, is the author of several books on the mass media. His *A Tower in Babel*, the first of three volumes on the history of American broadcasting, will be published in October by Oxford University Press.

The core of his message is a persuasive idea. It is that each new medium alters our psychic environment, imposing on us a particular pattern of perceiving and thinking that controls us to an extent we scarcely suspect. Our conscious attention is always on the "content" of a medium, but McLuhan sees content as comparable to "the juicy piece of meat carried by the burglar to distract the watchdog of his mind." While thus distracted, we slip into "subliminal and docile acceptance of media impact." Media become "prisons without walls for their human users," we are like wanderers under a hypnotic spell.

A spell that has held mankind for centuries is that of written language, mass-produced via print. Its hypnotic ramifications have been discussed by McLuhan both in *The Gutenberg Galaxy* (1962) and in *Understanding Media* (1964). He tells us that as print became the main cultural transmission belt for one generation after another, knowledge and ideas were necessarily processed into a linear, one-step-at-a-time form required by the medium. Man was thus pushed into sequential habits of thinking, quite unlike the complexity and richness and all-at-onceness of face-to-face communication, and without the resonance of the human voice.

ALL this encouraged a "civilized" detachment in the recipient of communication. However, the electronic media have restored the resonance (radio) and reintroduced the complexity and all-at-onceness (film, television), and done it on a scale that gives the world potentially a tribal unity. McLuhan sees modern man in a state of shock, unable to adjust to the rapidly changing state of communication, clinging to linear habits in an all-at-once world.

McLuhan sometimes seems exhilarated by his portrait of our plight. But he offers lines of hope, usually revolving around the arts. These provide "anti-environments" that help us perceive the environment itself. They provide a warning radar system. The artist helps us "sidestep the bully blow of new technology." He foresees the transforming impact and builds Noah's arks. One senses that it is as artist, rather than as scholar, that McLuhan is asking to be recognized. McLuhan habitually states his case in sweeping terms; that is, he overstates it, as in his succinct, "the medium is the message," which tends to make content and programing irrelevant concerns. But it is this boldness in his formulations that has centered unprecedented interest on the media and the environments they create, and for this we should be grateful to him.

In this work McLuhan carries forward explorations of various earlier observers. Among these predecessors was the late Harold Innis, whose *Empire and Communications* (1950) and *The Bias of Communication* (1951) analyzed in detail the relationship of media to power structures, beginning with those of ancient times. He saw each new medium upsetting an old monopoly and creating a new controlling alignment—to be threatened in time by other media, usu-

Looking into a computer—"electronic media have restored resonance . . . and reintroduced the complexity and the all-at-onceness."

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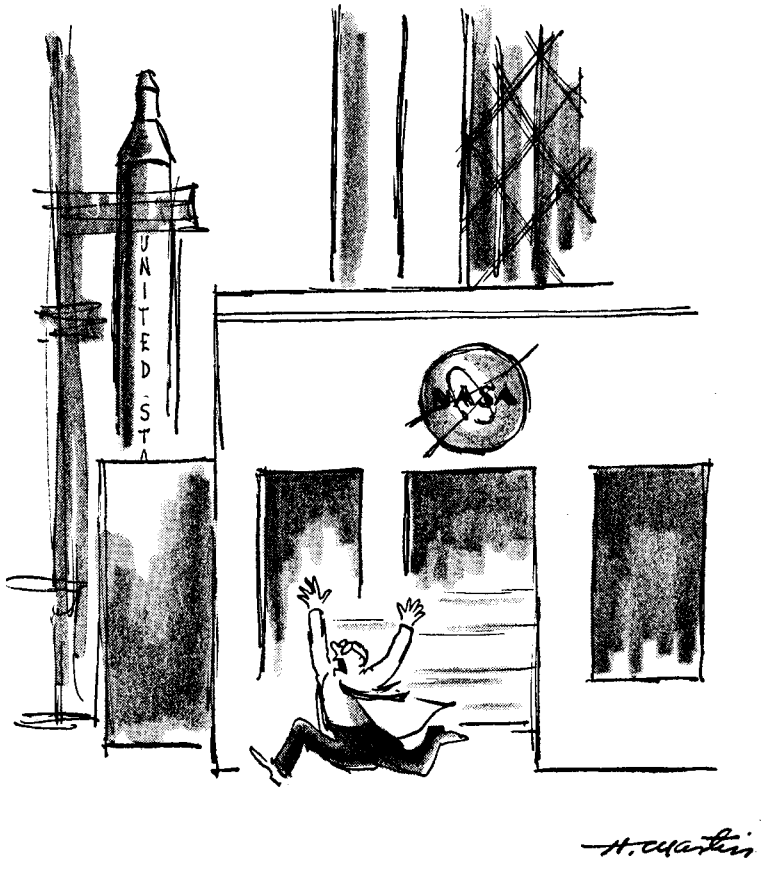
ally developing on the fringes of society.

The transition from stone to papyrus, Innis told us, helped monarchs rule over larger areas but made them dependent on armies of scribes, who became a privileged class, a bureaucracy. At the same time the shortage of papyrus made it necessary for government to control its production and distribution, which in effect centralized the control of communication. In the Middle Ages the shortage of parchment was a factor in maintaining a church monopoly of knowledge, eventually broken by the advent of paper, which could be produced in quantity and soon became an instrument in the rise of heresies. The Arabs, who had brought paper from the East, avoided parchment for religious reasons: It was not always possible to tell what animal hide had been used. Innis thus found innumerable factors—economic, social, religious—affecting the control and flow of information, and found these meshing with the rise and fall of power groups. Such observations have invited study of similar factors at work, particularly in regard to the electronic media.

Such study has hardly begun. We are vaguely aware that at the dawn of this era the control of patents—over tubes, circuits, etc.—conferred power over new media, and that military contracts—in two world wars—bolstered this power and placed the electronic industry in a central position in our society. The rise of commercial broadcasting conferred on large advertisers a sharing role in this power, helping create the "military-industrial complex" that worried Eisenhower toward the end of his Presidency, and which has been further strengthened by the computer. There is wide awareness of such a "complex," but few are in a position to know to what extent it may permeate our lives and govern our assumptions, conscious and unconscious; few of us have known any other environment and would therefore have no basis for comparisons and judgment.

The processing of the environment is largely taken for granted. To be sure, voices of education and religion and other interests are also heard, but—to use Innis's term—are pushed to the "fringes" of the social order. The voice of the individual, as opposed to that of the corporation, meanwhile, weakens as writers and artists assume employee status.

Our founding fathers tried to strengthen the individual by providing in the Constitution that only authors should be the beneficiaries of copyright law, but the 1909 copyright law (with dubious constitutionality) reversed this by changing the meaning of the word "author." The employer, the corporation, could also be an "author." Ours is thus the age of the corporate author. Individual author and artist are, in any case, separated from their audiences by an obstacle course of agents, editors, producers, financiers, distributors, jobbers, and retailers, all of whom are potential barriers to communication—censors with veto power.



"The sky is falling! The sky is falling!"

Amid all this, what is the "message" of the electronic media?

Strangely enough, it is far more complex than the circumstances might lead us to expect, and more complex than we would infer from the McLuhan dictum, "The medium is the message." Such media as film and television have a richness and ambiguity not fully appreciated. A sponsor, scanning words in a script, might feel sure he knows what a film will "mean," but it may mean different things to different people, and different things at different times and in different places. The words fail to control meaning. The complexity of images may involve unsuspected ambivalences. The current administration has had an unprecedented range of means at its disposal for "selling" a war to the public; the electronic media and their sponsors have, on the whole, cooperated. Yet wide dissent remains and apparently grows.

Is it possible that the television image of war has communicated something different from the narrative words that came with it? Is it possible that "noncontroversial" sponsored extravaganzas such as *The Man From UNCLE*, with glossy heroes and villains and their marvelously "sophisticated" weapons, have merely conveyed the idea that international power struggles have been drained of meaning? Has *Get Smart*, with tongue in cheek, conveyed a similar message?

SCORES of such questions assail us. Our film and television worlds have generally merchandised good living. Uneasy in poverty settings—which seem to raise unwelcome social issues—media officials have consistently pushed drama into *House Beautiful* atmospheres (facilitated by webs of promotional tie-ins). All this has seemed to the entrepreneurs uplifting and noncontroversial. It was, therefore, an unexpected shock to Hollywood when Sukarno, addressing a group of its executives in 1956, praised them for their role in fomenting the postwar revolutions of Asia. All those movie characters with refrigerators and cars, said Sukarno [*Variety*, June 6, 1956], had shown Asians that they had been deprived of their birthright. Was it possible the executives had been merchandising revolution along with wall-to-wall carpeting?

The Negro revolt raises similar questions. Before television the radio industry was close to lily-white but not, of course, in visible terms. Its replacement by a blatantly white television coincided with the gathering momentum of the Negro revolt. Was there a connection? Did mid-century television, virtually denying the existence of the Negro, serve as goad?

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Some observers think so. In any case, when demonstrations by the Negro began to win regular attention in television newscasts – helped by the journalistic tradition that gave special news value to violence or the threat of it–his very presence seemed revolutionary.

This foothold and the pressure it created seem to have facilitated a following step, which in our curious electronic society is perhaps more crucial and revolutionary: the entrance of the Negro into network commercials. Is it possible that the advancing Negro image on television is giving Americans an awareness of his existence in their midst, which might otherwise continue to yield to non-seeing? Is it possible that many problems–"poverty," for example–tend in our time to remain abstractions to us until they become physical realities on a screen, which is now our guide to seeing?

The kinds of inquiry stimulated by Innis, and carried forward by McLuhan, are surely worth pursuing. These two investigators, while similar in many ways, have had different emphases. While Innis was especially interested in economics and the growth of monopolies, McLuhan is more mystical. Around his principal theory–the pervasive effects of media–McLuhan constructs various subsidiary theories which are less satisfactory and are, in any case, not essential to his main theory. His classification of media into "hot" and "cool" is one of the embellishments that seems to lead, via labyrinths of confusion, to a dead end.

McLuhan, following up the idea of the "linear" impact of print, ascribes the influence of each medium largely to its technical characteristics. Thus he sees the mosaic pattern of the television image as all-important, and considers its impact "totally" different from that of film. His insistence on this seems odd. He feels that television stimulates intense audience participation because the viewer has to fill in the spaces between the dots in the mosaic; the film viewer, he says, doesn't have to do this, and therefore doesn't participate much.

One might well argue that because the film viewer is looking at a blank screen half the time, and has to fill in twenty-four gaps every second, he participates mightily. But the participation of a viewer can hardly be defined in such simple terms; it goes far beyond the "color me green" function. In all media, communication can bring into play inner conflicts usually held in suspension, and lead them into critical collision. In film and television alike, this participation is reinforced in countless ways. The constantly changing inclusions and exclusions of the frame, the attention-riveting magnifications, the shifting viewpoints and juxtapositions, the interplay and sometimes counterpoint of words and

(*Continued on page* 44)

THE NEW COMPUTERIZED AGE–3

NO LIFE UNTOUCHED

By the end of the century computers will affect every field in innumerable ways; some specific predictions.

By DAVID SARNOFF

IN OUR increasingly complex world, information is becoming the basic building block of society. However, at a time when the acquisition of new scientific information alone is approaching a rate of 250 million pages annually, the tide of knowledge is overwhelming the human capability for dealing with it. So man must turn to a machine if he hopes to contain the tide and channel it to beneficial ends.

The electronic computer, handling millions of facts with the swiftness of light, has given contemporary meaning to Aristotle's vision of the liberating possibilities of machines: "When looms weave by themselves, man's slavery will end." By transforming the way in which he gathers, stores, retrieves, and uses information, this versatile instrument is helping man to overcome his mental and physical limitations. It is vastly widening his intellectual horizon, enabling him better to comprehend his universe, and providing the means to master that portion of it lying within his reach.

Although we are barely in the second decade of electronic data processing, the outlines of its influence on our culture are beginning to emerge. Far from depersonalizing the individual and dehumanizing his society, the computer promises a degree of personalized service never before available to mankind.

By the end of the century, for the equivalent of a few dollars a month, the individual will have a vast complex of computer services at his command. Information utilities will make computing power available, like electricity, to thousands of users simultaneously. The computer in the home will be joined to a national and global computer system that provides services ranging from banking and travel facilities to library research and medical care. High-speed communications devices, linked to satellites in space, will transmit data to and from virtually any point on earth with the ease of a dial system. Students, businessmen, scientists, government officials, and housewives will converse with computers as readily as they now talk by telephone.

In the health field, computers will be employed to maintain a complete medical profile on every person in the country from the hour of birth. The record will be constantly updated by a regional computer for immediate access by doctors or hospital personnel. The computer also will maintain files on every known ailment, its symptoms, diagnosis, and treatment. A doctor will communicate a patient's symptoms to the computer center and within seconds receive suggestions for treatment based both on the symptoms and the patient's history.

Computers will handle the nation's fiscal transactions from a central credit information exchange, to which all banks, business enterprises, and individuals will be connected. Purchases will be made, funds invested, and loans issued by transfers of credit within the computer without a dollar or penny physically exchanging hands. Even the soil will be computerized. The long-range outlook for agriculture includes new sensing devices that will be placed on larger farms, feeding information to the computer on soil moisture, temperature, weather outlook, and other details. The computer will calculate the best crops to plant, the best seeding times, the amount of fertilizer, and even the correct harvesting time for maximum yield.

SOME of the most profound changes wrought by the computer will be in education. Here, the machine will do more than assist students to solve problems and to locate up-to-date information: It will fundamentally improve and enrich the entire learning process. The student's educational experience will be analyzed by the computer from the primary grades through university. Computer-based teaching machines, programed and operated by teachers thoroughly trained in electronic data processing techniques, will instruct students at the rate best suited to each individual. The concept of mass education will give way to the concept of personal tutoring, with the teacher and the computer working as a team. Computers will bring many new learning dimen-

General David Sarnoff, who this year is celebrating his seventy-fifth birthday anniversary, is Chairman of the Board of the Radio Corporation of America.

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RCA's Videocomp sets text at speeds up to 900 lines a minute. Any letter stored in the machine's electronic memory can be recalled in thousandths of a second.

sions to the classroom. For example, they will simulate nuclear reactors and other complex, dangerous, or remote systems, enabling students to learn through a form of experience what could formerly be taught only in theory.

The computer's participation in the field of learning will continue long after the end of formal education. The government estimates that 50 per cent of the jobs to be held ten years from now do not even exist today. With this tremendous rate of occupational obsolescence, future generations of Americans may pursue two or three careers during their lifetimes. The home computer will aid in developing career mobility by providing continuing self-instruction.

Just as it is recasting the educational process, the computer is also fundamentally changing the production and distribution of the printed word. Five centuries ago, Gutenberg broke words into individual letters. Electronic compostion now breaks the letters into tiny patterns of dots that are stored in the computer's memory. Any character can be called up by the computer, written on the face of a cathode ray tube, and reproduced on film or paper in thousandths of a second. Nothing moves except the electrons.

When the electronic computer first appeared in composition rooms and printing shops several years ago, its job was to hyphenate words and justify text. But the computer, working at speeds of thousands of words a minute, was driving mechanical typesetting devices capable of setting only a few words per minute. Now, the development of computerized composition makes it possible to set text at hundreds of lines per minute. Photographs and drawings will be set the same way. Since the printed picture is itself a dot structure, the computer can electronically scan any photograph or drawing, reduce it to dots and store it, then retrieve it and beam it on a cathode ray tube for immediate reproduction.

In the future, electronics will develop processes that will make it possible to go from final copy and illustrations to printing in one integrated electronic process. One result will be that newspapers, in the foreseeable future, will no longer be printed in a single location. Instead, they will be transmitted through computers in complete page form to regional electronic printing centers that will turn out special editions for the areas they govern. Local news and advertising will be inserted on the spot. Eventually, the newspaper can be reproduced in the home through a small copying device functioning as part of a home communications center.

Basic changes also will come to other areas of the printed word. For example, of the more than one billion books published every year, almost half are textbooks. The growth of knowledge and the factor of obsolescence mean that these texts must be supplemented by a professor's mimeographed notes. Today, these notes have a small distribution of only a few hundred copies. Computers will make it possible to catalogue this information and thus broaden its availability.

At the turn of the century, most large universities will not only have electronic composition systems that allow them to reprint original research, theses, or course notes upon demand; they will also have a computerized information retrieval library. This process of information retrieval can be duplicated in almost any other field. The scientist will have the latest technical papers culled by the computer and reproduced in the laboratory or home. The computer will bring to the attorney all the pertinent laws, decisions, and precedents on any case that concerns him. The business executive need not rush to the office every morning; most of the information he will need to conduct his business will be run off for him at home, and he will have two-way national and global closed-circuit television, via satellites, for meetings and conferences.

Some of these developments are probabilities, some of them are certainties, and all of them are or soon will be within the capabilities of the computer art. But one fact is absolute: the incredible growth of the computer in numbers, power and availability.

In just ten years, the typical electronic data processor has become ten times smaller, 100 times faster and 1,000 times less expensive to operate. These trends will continue, and our national computing power, which is doubling every year, will soon be sufficient to make the computer a genuinely universal tool.

In 1956, there were fewer than 1,000 computers in the United States. Today, there are 30,000, or more than $11 billion worth; and by 1976 the machine population may reach 100,000. And these figures will, of course, be greatly increased through the growth of data processing in other nations.

A decade ago, our machines were capable of 12 billion computations per hour; today, they can do more than 20 trillion, and by 1976—a decade from now—they will attain 400 trillion—or about two billion computations per hour for every man, woman and child. Quite evidently, the threshold of the computer age has barely been crossed.

Nevertheless, for all its potential to stretch the mind a thousandfold, it is perhaps necessary to point out that the computer is still a thing—that it cannot see, feel, or act unless first acted upon. Its value depends upon man's ability to use it with purpose and intelligence. If his postulates are wrong, the computerized future can only be a massive enlargement of human error.

Ramsay MacDonald once warned against "an attempt to clothe unreality in the garb of mathematical reality." Computers echo this warning. For they cannot usurp man's unique ability to blend intuition with fact, to feel as well as to think. In the end, this remains the basis of human progress.

The task ahead will be to assign to the machine those things which it can best do, and reserve for man those things which he must provide and control. It is my conviction that society will adjust itself to the computer and work in harmony with it for the genuine betterment of life.

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AUTOMATED GOVERNMENT

How computers are being used in Washington to streamline personnel administration—to the individual's benefit.

By JOHN W. MACY, JR.

IN ANY EXAMINATION, whether in high school or college or in a civil service written test, it has never been considered cricket to show your paper to anyone else. In these days of automated examinations this same rule may be carried to the ultimate extreme: the only eyes that ever fall upon an applicant's civil service test may be his own. Even though the test may be sent across the continent, graded, and compared with the papers of other competitors, and even though the applicant may be hired and enter upon a lifetime career largely on the basis of this test, nobody but him need see it after he completes it.

This is one aspect of automation that bids to revolutionize personnel management in the federal government. Some may regard this feature as depersonalizing. But the truth is that mass examination scoring never was a highly personal activity. The automation of much personnel work of a clerical type may well serve to increase the personal attention managers can give to problems requiring human attention.

Automated examining techniques used by the U.S. Civil Service Commission may be both more advanced and more limited than the general public realizes. During fiscal 1966 the commission's computer automatically scheduled more than 700,000 applicants into 1,000 examination points throughout the nation, computed the scores of those who took these nationwide examinations, and notified applicants of the results. On the other hand, these high-volume figures deal only with nationwide written examinations. In many instances, persons who apply for positions are not tested, but rather are evaluated by a team of experts in a specific occupation, and are graded solely on their previous training and experience.

For one of the 700,000 persons who applies for an automated examination, the initial action on his part is simple and easy. He files only a small card form. In due course he receives an admission card, telling him to report at a specified date and hour at an examination point convenient to him. His examination has been scheduled by machine, and the time and location have been printed automatically. In the examination room, the competitor marks his answers to the questions by shading the appropriate block on a set of test-answer sheets. When the sheets are returned to the commission, computers then take over the next steps. Their output even includes a letter to the competitor notifying him of the test results.

The notification letters roll out of the computer in one long sheet, are mechanically separated, and are finally stuffed into mailing envelopes virtually untouched by human hands. Not only is this process immensely faster, it is more accurate and requires substantially smaller expense than processing by hand. In addition, the computer is programed to check the validity of test results, to prepare studies showing how different groups of applicants performed on various sections of the examination, and to assist in establishing appropriate passing scores.

Automatic data processing has been applied to personnel management in the federal government for only about six years, yet the roots of the cybernetic revolution in government extend back to the 1880s. In fact, there is reason to think that the entire development of automatic data processing was initiated by an invention of a young Census Bureau employee appalled by the paper work of the 1880 tabulation.

Herman Hollerith was a young engineer working on the 1880 census. Seeing a need for something better than handwork on the mass of census statistics, he put together a tabulating machine that he called his "statistical piano." It was somewhat reminiscent of

A nation's records—nearly 6,000 miles of magnetic tape at the U.S. Internal Revenue Service's North Atlantic regional center contain records ranging from 15,500,000 tax returns to the payroll for 40,000 agency personnel. This is one of seven such data processing centers.

Business tax returns are being processed nationwide for the first time this year in the U. S. Internal Revenue's seven regional service centers. Honeywell 200 computers, such as this one, are used to check the returns.

John W. Macy, Jr., is Chairman of the U.S. Civil Service Commission.

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a player piano, in that it used a roll of punched tape to feed instructions into the machine. People who, then as now, condemned the civil service for a lack of imagination and innovation, must have been looking the other way. Even the inventor may not have realized what he was starting, but in the 1890 census Hollerith's device was credited with saving two years of work and $5,000,000. Later it became the foundation for a phenomenal business—the company now usually referred to by the initials IBM.

The government also pioneered in the development and use of electronic data processing. One of the first completely electronic computers ever built was called ENIAC, for Electronic Numerical Integrator and Calculator. It was produced by the War Department and the University of Pennsylvania, working together in 1946 to solve problems in ballistic research. In 1951 the first commercial computer, UNIVAC I (Universal Automatic Computer), was installed in the Census Bureau, some three years before a private company put a UNIVAC into operation. The government received good value from its investment in UNIVAC I, running up more than 73,000 hours of operational use on the machine before retiring it to the Smithsonian Institution in October, 1963.

When first developed, the digital computer was used merely as a large and very fast calculating machine, or for complex accounting and statistical purposes. In government, priority was given to its employment in the primary mission of the agency by which it was used. By the early 1960s, however, the Department of Agriculture was using computer facilities for centralized personnel management data processing purposes. Its MODE (Management Objectives with Dollars through Employees) system is a large-scale centralized personnel record-keeping and reporting operation, utilizing a computer in New Orleans. In addition to records and reports, the system computes the pay checks for Agriculture's 100,000 employees throughout the nation.

The Veterans Administration, with 156,000 employees, was the second large agency to install a centralized, automated personnel system. This system, called PAID (Personnel and Accounting Integrated Data System), operates at Hines, Illinois. PAID encompasses general personnel management statistics and reports, career development and training records, a file on employees' length of service, payroll information to permit computation of checks by the machine, and information on the authorized number of positions as compared with the number of employees on the rolls. The system also contains a "suspense" file of personnel matters to be brought up on certain dates.

Twenty-two agencies of the government now have automated personnel systems covering 1,500,000 federal employees. Systems covering an additional 500,000 are being developed.

The Civil Service Commission first entered this field in administering the government-wide retirement system. Through an automated procedure, 750,000 retirement accounts are maintained with an annual increase of 45,000 new annuitants.

Three years ago a 5 per cent increase in all current annuities was authorized by Congress. This necessitated recomputation of the annuity for every person on the retirement rolls. The last time such a task was required it took months. The added workload was augmented by a stream of letters from Congressmen, justifiably wanting to know why their constituents were not receiving their higher retirement checks. But in 1963, thanks to the wondrous capability of the computer, 630,000 annuities were recomputed in just ten days and checks started flowing out before complaints and inquiries began pouring in.

The system is now being used to compute deductions for Medicare payments for those annuitants who are not receiving Social Security benefits. A recently completed management study of retirement and insurance operations indicated that over the next decade more than $3,000,000 can be saved through further automation.

Increased automation is to be expected. But it is time to ask searching questions about these systems and what they should be doing for us. Automated personnel systems put into use during the past few years are basically record-keeping and reporting systems. But it is a serious mistake to think of personnel offices primarily in terms of records and reports.

Personnel management is principally concerned with finding the best qualified people to fill vacancies, insuring maximum utilization of manpower resources, improving working conditions and thereby improving work—and providing equal employment opportunities to all our citizens, not only at the point of entrance into the service, but through training, promotions, and full career development. Seen from this perspective, automation of personnel operations is just beginning.

As we advance, the question facing us is this: Which parts of the job can a computer do better—and which can men do better? We know that a large part of management is actually clerical decision-making, though we have often dignified it in the past with the word "judgment." It requires the identification of relevant

"Yessiree! Our new long-range bugging device is going to put your long-range bugging right off the market, Amalgamated Sonics! Are you listening, Amalgamated Sonics?"

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facts and the selection of predetermined actions on the basis of those facts. This a computer can do beautifully.

In scheduling civil service examinations, for example, our computer makes "decisions" of this kind by the thousands. Why should the time of a man or woman be devoted to such work with less accuracy and little satisfaction? We have other work for men and for women, in which they can do a far better job using the huge data resources of the computers. This work involves decisions on personnel planning, the matching of men and jobs, the forecasting of manpower needs, and the important decisions of career-planning.

For proper decisions in these areas we must have integrated information systems. This will require the use of information across departmental boundaries. It is here that current efforts to standardize symbols and codes will pay dividends. Direct tape-to-tape feeding of data from one department to another may become common. These systems will mesh well with developing plans for an executive-level staffing program which will be designed to locate the best possible man for any given top-level assignment, no matter where in government he may be serving.

The computer's ability to search its perfect memory and pick out records of individuals with specific characteristics has been applied in the search for candidates for Presidential appointments. A computerized file containing the names and employment data of some 25,000 persons, all considered likely prospects for federal appointive positions, is searched electronically. This talent bank, with its automated retrieval system, broadens the field of consideration for the President in critical decisions of leadership selection.

Throughout the government, one of the great responsibilities is to provide true equality of opportunity in employment. To know where we have failed to provide it, where we have succeeded, and how best to plan, we need a multitude of data. Through head-counts we know only that a certain number of Negroes, for instance, were on the rolls in certain grades at a certain time in the past, and now we can count that there are fewer or more. But these data do not reveal whether the people in certain jobs came from lower jobs or from outside the government. They do not assist us in recommending training or evaluating it. They fail to give us the management information required to do a conscientious job in creating conditions that will make a reality of equal opportunity.

To obtain additional and more accurate information, a new effort has been initiated in this area. By means of a voluntary racial designation prepared by

(*Continued on page* 70)

PLUG-IN INSTRUCTION

Computers, harnessed to teaching machines and television, promise a new era in universal public education.

By PATRICK SUPPES

CONTRARY to the expectations of many, the computer may make classroom teaching more, rather than less, an individual affair. And in doing so it will facilitate learning at a speed and depth of understanding that now seem impossible to achieve.

The theme of individualizing instruction is very old in education. Psychologists long ago documented the fact that individuals differ in their abilities, rates of learning, and even in their general approaches to learning. And educators have concluded that, ideally, the most effective teaching is that which is tailored to the needs and abilities of each individual. But the costs of providing individual instruction in a society committed to universal education are prohibitive. Meanwhile, administrators and teachers continue to struggle with the problem by such means as grouping students with roughly similar abilities, and following the concepts of the ungraded classroom and of team teaching.

Surprising as it may seem, the burgeoning technology of computers may offer one of the best means of providing individual instruction at reasonable cost. A handful of experiments throughout the country already are exploring the varied possibilities of this new type of individualized instructional technology.

Computer-based teaching systems, designed to aid the teacher in the individualization process, consist of a variety of student operated instructional devices. These learning machines are not to be confused with the large class of so-called "teaching machines" of recent years—frequently identified with the educational process of programed learning. Typically, these mechanical devices dispense instructional material in a fixed sequence of small, easy-to-take steps of one or two sentences, usually followed by a question. All students traverse the same sequence regardless of differences in background and aptitude. With computer-based teaching devices, however, the student will study

(*Continued on page* 29)

Professor Suppes is Director of the Institute for Mathematical Studies in the Social Sciences, Stanford University. This article was adapted from *The Computer in American Education*, to be published this fall by John Wiley & Sons.

Working at a teletype keyboard, this fifth-grader types out the answer to a problem sent by telephone line from Stanford University. The teletype booth is placed in a corner of the school classroom, and each youngster spends about five minutes a day working on a drill at one of five levels of complexity. As each child works through a drill, the computer records his total time, correct or incorrect answers, percentage of problems correct to date, and the total time in the program.

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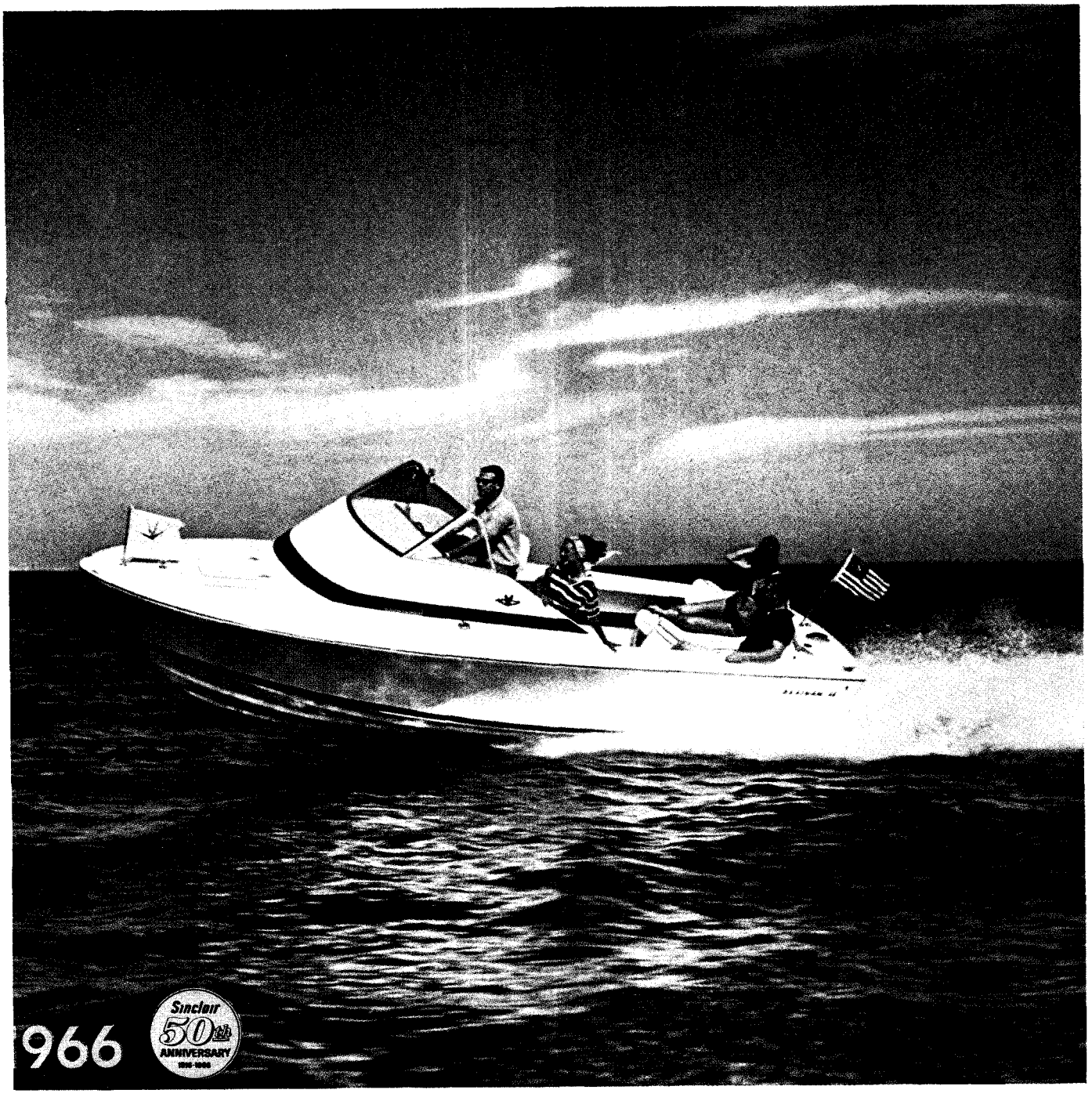

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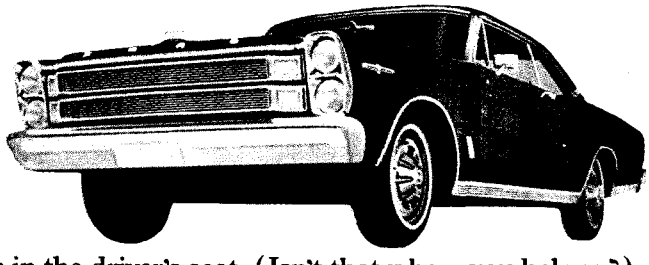
No one else does, you know.



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Continued from page 25

a sequence that is tailored to his individual needs. This flexible system will differ from the non-computerized teaching machine in responsiveness to different learning problems, both as they occur or as they have been anticipated on the basis of previous experience with a student.

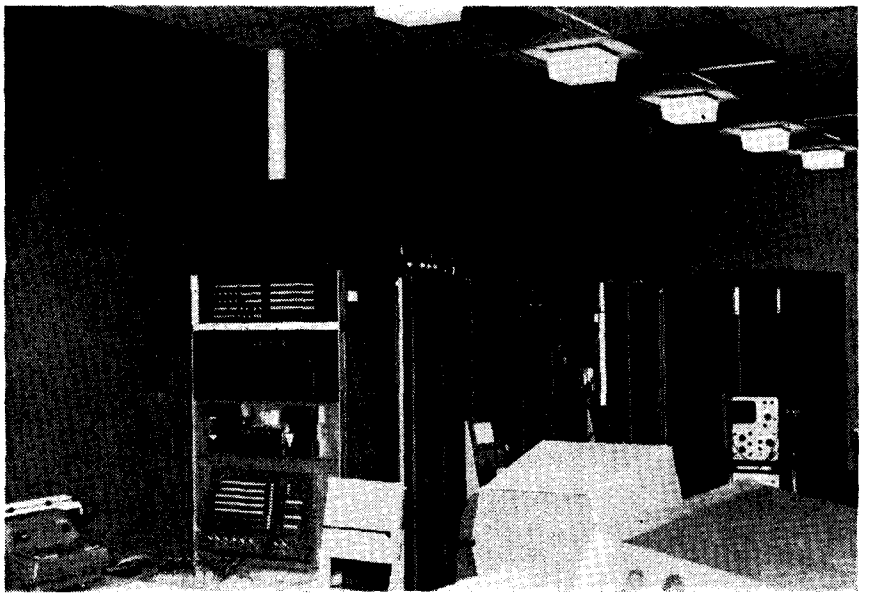
Basically, and most importantly, the computerized system enables the teacher and the researcher to learn about individual students as they are in the process of learning. As a matter of design, the more the machines are used the better tools they will become for instruction. This is because the computer stores and analyzes mountains of learning data amassed while students study with the machines. Automatic curriculum evaluation and modification are only two examples of resultant improvements.

The heart of the new learning machine is the electronic high-speed computer or information processor. The computer functions strictly according to detailed instructions written by a human programer. This is how it works.

The information needed to perform the task and procedures to be followed are called the program, and are usually entered into the machine on its typewriter keyboard. The program is translated into electronic impulses and often stored on a magnetic tape similar to that in a tape recorder. The control unit of the computer performs the work specified by the program, and the resulting information is transferred to an output device that prints messages on pages, punches holes on special cards, or displays a visual image on a television screen.

The student station, or console, is connected to the computer by coaxial cable or by telephone lines over a distance. It consists of a television-type screen, a light-pen, a typewriter keyboard, and often earphones and microphone as well. Photographs, words, drawings, tables, or equations are lighted up on the television tube; microfilmed pages or sections of pages can also be enlarged and displayed on a similar screen. When sound is important, as in learning Russian pronunciation or analyzing musical phrases, information is received through earphones. Or, for question-and-answer drill, the student may sit before a teletype machine, which types out messages to which he replies by typing back.

At his console, the student may respond to questions by asking questions of his own, or "talking to" the computer, in two ways: 1) on the typewriter keyboard below the television tube, he may type his responses in ordinary English or whatever is appropriate to the subject being learned—for example, Spanish phrases, numbers, or letters of symbolic logic; 2) he may use the light-pen, a device resembling a pocket flashlight, to point to some part of the visual display —for instance, the correct answer in a multiple-choice question. When the light-pen is touched to the screen, the exact point of contact is automatically transferred to the computer's memory. In this way, also, incorrect material may be erased by tracing the light-pen over a section of the image. A revised display will appear on the tube.



This medium-sized computer, the PDP-1, controls an entire individualized learning system. Connected to it by coaxial cable are classroom devices such as a television screen, light-pen, typewriter keyboard, microphone, and earphones.

The light-pen is particularly useful for young children who can make only limited use of the typewriter; also, because it is silent, it may be used in the traditional classroom, where a typewriter without acoustical insulation would be disruptive. A similarly flexible and convenient device for student response is the electronic tablet, resembling an opaque slate, on which the student may also write or draw with a light-pen.

The important technological advance that makes a computer-based teaching system practical is "time sharing," whereby the immense capacity and speed of the computer allow many students, working independently in different locations, to use a single computer at the same time with little delay in computer response to individual commands, questions, or answers. At the present stage of development, between thirty and forty students, or a like number of classrooms, each working at a different task, can use the computer simultaneously. This time-sharing capability puts the entire potential of the computer at the service of the individual learner, and assures the maximum, and therefore the most economical, use of each machine.

The computer-based teaching components can be arranged in a number of ways, varying from a single typewriter station in an elementary school classroom to a fully automated college classroom containing ten or more self-instructional consoles. Such installations exist today in a few universities across the nation. Indications are that the elementary school child could productively spend as little as fifteen minutes a day at a console, while the secondary school student might work in two thirty-minute sessions, one in the morning and one in the afternoon. A college student might take an entire course of instruction in a learning cubicle conveniently housed in his dormitory. The nature of the subject matter is the chief determinant of machine components and the length of time spent at the consoles. There is already a good deal of evidence that students at all age levels gradually come to feel as much at home with this sort of equipment as they do with an ordinary television set.

Ideally, computer-assisted instruction may be applied at three levels of interaction between student and computer program. These are at present in various stages of development, so far as practical use is concerned:

► DRILL-AND-PRACTICE SYSTEMS. Mainly a supplement to the regular curriculum taught by a teacher, this is by far the most viable application of the technology in an applied school setting today. In the case of elementary-school mathematics, for example there is abundant evidence from both pedagogical and psychological studies that students need a great deal of practice in arithmetic skills before a reasonable level of mastery is attained. Students

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need corresponding practice in the standard applications of arithmetic and, more generally, in developing what is sometimes called a good "number sense." The computer system at this level can relieve the instructor of a considerable burden, and at the same time provide practice work for each student at his own pace and level of complexity.

But the important difference between this and traditional teaching methods is that with teaching machines the instructor can cater to the needs of each student: each can receive problems that will challenge him, whereas with traditional textbook assignments, no differentiation can be made. It is a straightforward matter to program the computer to offer exercises of various degrees of difficulty, and to select each student's level according to his past performance. Some computer systems have been programed to generate practice problems guided only by a general rule provided by the text author, who is thus spared the time-consuming effort of preparing every exercise.

► TUTORIAL SYSTEMS. In contrast to the drill-and-practice systems, the tutorial system takes over the main responsibility for developing skill in the use of a given concept. In the teaching of elementary Russian at the college level, for instance, it could be the responsibility of a tutorial system to offer a complete body of curriculum material on the recognition of sounds and the unfamiliar forms of the Russian alphabet. While more difficult to develop than drill-and-practice exercises, computer-ready tutorial programs have been prepared in a variety of subject areas such as foreign languages, mathematics, logic, and some units in the general sciences.

Whether one is concerned with college-level Russian or first-grade arithmetic, it is possible with this approach to approximate the relationship a tutor would have with a student. Above all, it is possible to analyze each student's comprehension in greater depth and detail than are usually possible for a teacher with a classroom of thirty. An important point is that in the tutorial program every effort is made to avoid an initial experience of failure. The program also has enough flexibility to avoid boring the bright child.

The instructional mode in a tutorial system will permit freely constructed responses on the part of the student, as in the illustration of a program in mathematical logic. The student is permitted to make any valid inference about the data presented to him by the machine; the main function of the tutorial program is to assess the validity of the inference he makes. The relative wisdom of the step he takes is not indicated until he has made a serious effort to find the correct proof of a theorem. As is usual in proofs of mathematical theorems, different students will find different proofs; the computer program will accept any proof that is valid. When students do not succeed in finding a proof, the program gives them hints.

It should be evident from these examples that skill-subjects such as reading, mathematics, and elementary foreign languages can be handled most easily and are best understood in this environment. Indeed, tutorial systems can carry the main burden of teaching skill-subjects, and widespread application would lead to a radical revision of the organization of teaching, because a rather large part of all instruction is at the elementary-skill level. For this reason, it is common to ask, what will be the teacher's task if these elementary skills are taught in a tutorial fashion by computer-based terminals? The most important point to be made in this connection is that no tutorial program for computers in the near future will be adequate to handle every type of problem that arises in learning. It will be the teacher's responsibility to move to the much more challenging and important task of trouble-shooting: of helping children who aren't proceeding successfully through the tutorial program.

► DIALOGUE SYSTEMS. Dialogue systems allow the student to conduct a genuine dialogue with the computer. They exist now only as elementary prototypes; their successful development to any depth and subtlety will demand the solution of some relatively difficult technical problems.

To illustrate one central problem, suppose that in a program on American history the student types in the question, "Why did Booth kill Lincoln?" Or a more complicated question, such as, "What was the role of the railroad in the economic development of the Mississippi Basin in the nineteenth century?" It is very difficult to write programs that will deal with freely constructed questions of such complexity.

The situation is by no means hopeless, however. In curriculum areas taught for a considerable time, with reasonably sharp focus of subject matter, it is possible to provide a fairly thorough analysis of the types of questions that will be asked. In these subject areas, we can make considerable progress toward the recognition of the question by the computer program. The central intellectual problem at the moment is not that of storing enough information to give answers. Rather, it is to recognize from the standpoint of the program precisely what question has been asked.

A second central problem arises in working with elementary school children for whom it is essential to be able to "input" a question on a typewriter. However, they can ask or answer a question in a fairly complex way if their speech can be recognized by a computer program. The problem of speech recognition simply adds another dimension to recognition of sentence meaning.

Presently there is considerable research on how computers can be made to deal with natural-language material in ways equivalent to humans' dealing with the same material. The approaches are taken on at least three different levels: 1) syntactic (dealing with the structural patterns of sentences); 2) semantic (dealing with the meaning of words, word groups, sentences, paragraphs, and whole documents); and 3) pragmatic (dealing with factors such as the occurrence of names of people or chemical compounds, the frequencies of words, and the presence of clue-words such as "summary").

Whether the computer system used to individualize instruction is a fairly thin drill-and-practice system or a very rich dialogue system, a number of problems still remain to be solved. Some have to do with how curriculum materials should be organized. Because of the complexities of organization, the only hope would seem to lie in the development of an adequate body of fundamental theory about the learning and retention capacities of students. Until that time, individualized instruction with computers must proceed on the same basis of practical judgment and pedagogical intuition that we use in arranging curriculum materials in ordinary classroom settings.

One of the most difficult tasks is to know how to organize computer programs so that they can make use of unexpected student responses as a good tutor would. But perhaps the foremost problem of the near future concerns the preparation of course materials. Who is going to do it? When? Work now underway is far from adequate. A second near-future problem concerns the careful test and evaluation of this innovation in a way that will be reliable and not boomerang and bring about a premature demise.

Other important questions are rooted in the more distant future. One of these concerns the teacher's role if learning machines are adopted on a large scale. Will the motivation and the requirements for what constitutes a good teacher change radically?

In spite of such formidable questions, one can say for the first time since universal education became a major objective of our society that individualized instruction at a deep level is now feasible. The eventual advance in the level of education that could result from achievement of this goal lies beyond imagination.

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FOR EACH STUDENT A TEACHER

Instead of depersonalizing learning, computers may allow unprecedented breakthroughs in independent instruction.

By DON D. BUSHNELL

PERHAPS the most important single advantage of adding a computer to the arsenal of educational technology is the responsiveness the system affords to the student. Automated teaching systems, modeled after the experienced teacher, must be designed with the right balance between a fixed or machine-directed approach to learning and an approach that permits greater self-direction, with the system under student control.

For the most part, the uses of the computer described by Dr. Suppes [page 25] could be characterized as programed directivity. With programed directivity, there must be an explicit predetermined model of educational needs. Many practitioners feel this programed approach is necessarily limited by the author's knowledge of the learning process and of the student's needs.

Contrasted with programed directivity is programed docility. A "docile" system would alter sequences of instructional material and perform other operations only on the basis of student requests. This application of electronic data processing machines as instructional tools is best illustrated by the growing use of the computer for instruction in the mathematical and general sciences. Once trained in principles of digital computing and programing, the student can use the system to test alternate solutions to mathematical problems, compute equations that might take fifty years to complete by hand, and to explore generally the frontiers of the mathematical sciences.

Machine "docility" as described here is a rapid and responsive acquiescence of the system to the wishes of the learner. Such applications capitalize on the unique advantages that a computer system can have over books, offering the serious student subject matter heretofore beyond the reach of the secondary schools and colleges.

Two new areas of computer application can serve further to underscore the importance a student-directed approach to instruction seems to hold.

One is learning by discovery. Much has been made of this by such education reformers as Jerome Bruner of Harvard. Through the use of the time-shared computer, the mathematics student can be freed from the tedious task of memorizing complex equations without having a clear idea of the abstract notions they encompass. As he works with an equation through the machine, he can observe the results in pictorial form on a television tube as graphs, drawings, or numerical results. He can discover how these change—how lines bend, how angles straighten or sharpen, how graphs grow and change their shape—as he changes the equations. He can rotate the two-dimensional images on the tube and compare them, to gain three-dimensional insight. He can test out ideas by discovering their consequences as they are fed back immediately by the computer.

The second area is simulation and gaming. Simulation refers to the artificial representation of situations occurring in the real world. It is generally used for the purpose of analysis or learning. The term "game" is often used to denote a form of simulation involving situations of competition or conflict.

In computer simulation, the student is presented with information about problem situations. He is then asked to make decisions. His decisions are fed back into the system and result in a new set of facts. He must then make new decisions on the basis of his previous good or bad decisions. Certain uncontrollable random or natural events can be included, forcing the game-player to take into account factors beyond his control. Books cannot duplicate such challenges.

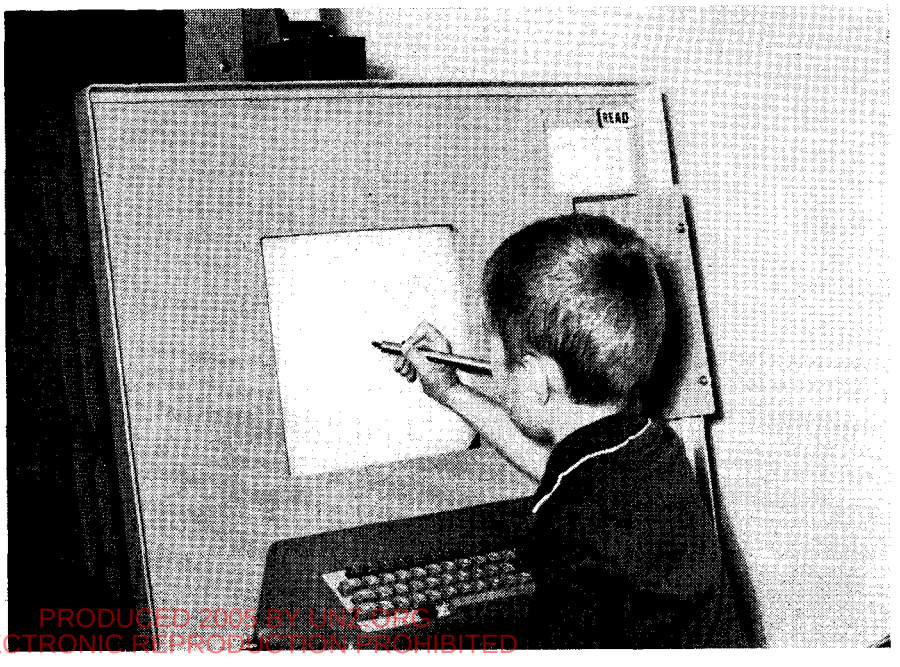
In a decision game played by pupils of a sixth-grade history class, the computer presents the students with a variety of information bearing on the economic well-being of an ancient city-state. The student, playing the role of king, is told by the machine how much grain has been planted, how many mouths he must feed, and so on.

AS king, he must make certain decisions regarding his city-state, and the results of his actions—sometimes disastrous because of the effects of unanticipated natural catastrophies such as drought—are fed back to him. In following plays, the "king" can adjust his decision strategy to take these and other unforeseen possibilities into account.

Games developed at various institutions throughout the country run the gamut from those about various democratic processes such as a court of law and the state legislature, to family games, and those that impart specific vocational or scientific subject matter.

The effects of these and other innovative approaches to instruction are hard to calculate. But one can at least predict an increase in the frequency and quality of independent learning.

First-grade student works at the console of a visual display device. Seated before the television screen on which numbers (not visible here) are displayed, he points to the correct answer with a light-pen; the point of contact of the light-pen is immediately transferred to the computer, and a new display projected if the answer is correct.



Don D. Bushnell is associate director of the Brooks Foundation, Santa Barbara, California, and co-editor of the forthcoming book, *The Computer in American Education* (John Wiley & Sons).

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BOOK-PUBLISHERS' SALVATION?

Why new technology not only represents no basic threat to print media, but may be its long-term benefactor.

By JOHN TEBBEL

DISCUSSIONS of the new technology and the book publishing industry these days usually begin at the wrong place, in fruitless arguments over whether the book is going to be obsolete in ten years, twenty years, or whatever.

To clear the ground for a realistic appraisal, it may be well to point out that no matter what the ultimate fate of the book, there is not the slightest support in the history of the print media for believing that change will be anything but gradual. If the electronic media replace the book, a doubtful proposition at best, they will not do so in the foreseeable future. Those who think otherwise do not understand book publishing, nor the people who buy and read books. This is readily demonstrated by the number of management experts who have been drifting in and out of publishing for the past few years. They arrive with the conviction that the book business is like any other, and that the book is a product like any other. When bookmen tell them otherwise, they argue that every businessman thinks his business is different. A few million dollars and a few fantastically wrong guesses later, they return to orthodox business, convinced that publishing is beyond the boundaries of sound business sense.

The Book-of-the-Month Club watches over its vast operation by means of a huge computer that handles mailing, billing, and complicated record-keeping.

They are right, too. What other major business in the United States still operates on the consignment system? What other business, in effect, stores its product in warehouses and waits for people to come and get it, using for the purpose channels of distribution that have not changed substantially for seventy-five years?

The book business is changing, true enough, and it is going to change a great deal more. But its transition from the nineteenth century has been slower and more painful than that of any other industry. There are two reasons why this is so, and they are what make book publishing different from any other business. One is the intangible nature of the product. A book is not a utilitarian object. It is a man's thoughts, his assemblage and interpretation of facts, in a bound form. The other reason is that equally intangible object, the reader of the book. No one can forecast who he is going to be, nor how many of him are likely to constitute the audience for any title. The problem of the book business from the beginning has been how to get this intangible product into the hands of its intangible audience.

AT each extreme there is a reality: the book and the reader. It is the connection between the two which has been at once the blessing and the curse of publishing —a blessing when the connection occurs, a curse when it fails in spite of the best efforts on everyone's part. It was nearly a hundred years ago that George Haven Putnam remarked of publishing that its history was one of erroneous conclusions, and it has not changed.

What the new technology means to publishing is a dramatic change in effecting that connection. It will do three things: 1) reduce the cost of making books, and therefore keep the price structure of books at a reasonable level; 2) provide the reader with an easier access to books, making far more rapid and efficient the connection between him and the publisher; and 3) make it possible for the reader to get books in a greater variety of forms, and thus enable him to broaden and increase his reading.

None of these things is going to happen overnight. The eager entrepreneurs of the new machines who foresee even greater revolutions in a decade have overlooked fundamental human and economic factors. Let us look at what is really happening.

In the area of making books and conducting the business of a publishing house, automation has already made substantial strides. The impact of automated typesetting equipment was felt first in composing rooms that set type for books, and the experts believe it will develop faster there than in the newspaper business, which has different and in some ways more difficult problems of transition. Like any other printing operation, the book business has been hurt badly by the increasing costs of everything that goes into the physical composition of a book—paper, ink, typesetting, printing, binding, and the jacket. Automation in the composing room is already saving some money and somewhat speeding production, and will continue to do so as new automated devices are invented and applied, but there is a long way to go.

It still, for example, takes anywhere from six to nine months to make a book from the time the manuscript is received until it emerges in bound form, unless extraordinary arrangements are made. The history of printing technology has been a history of the breaking bottlenecks under the pressure of demand. The demand for books at present has never been greater, and so one can expect the bottlenecks to yield. One of the worst delays is in binding, and much time will be saved when that alone is improved.

Some authorities believe that not all composition can be oriented to computers. Others have great faith in GRACE (meaning Graphic Arts Composing Equipment), a phototypesetter employing magnetic tape, developed by Photon Corporation, which has already demonstrated its ability to print 1.7 lines per second on positive photographic film (or paper) from 226 characters in three fonts. It will set multi-column page formats, partially justify margins, and establish running heads and page numbers.

Computer technology is being supplemented in this field by new applications of electronics, optics, and chemistry. The electronic photocomposer is going to be a significant advance in the composing room, along with even newer devices still on the drawing boards. What it will

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amount to in the end is a completely integrated system designed to take any manuscript and package it in any way desired—as a book, as an abstract, as a stored mass of information to be retrieved by other methods, as part of a bibliographical memory bank, or all these things combined.

But the economics of printing keep intruding. There is not only the human problem of dealing with the workers made obsolete by these advances, but the more immediate problem of how to use the available improvements. Equipment is expensive, the savings from it have proved to be not quite as substantial as expected (in this stage of technology, at least), and only the largest publishers are able to take advantage of what has been produced.

In the publisher's office, automation has been directed at those twin problem children, shipping and billing, which have plagued the business for nearly a hundred years. At the first meeting of the American Booksellers' Association in the 1870s, booksellers complained about their treatment at the hands of the publishers in these two departments. Such complaints have been a burden of ABA conventions ever since. The fact that they were diminished considerably at this year's convention attracted widespread attention in the business. Some observers attributed it to the circumstance that business was so good. Others saw in it a reflection of what automation could accomplish after several false starts.

Horror stories can still be heard about computers that sent a thousand copies of a book when only a hundred were ordered, about bills sent to the wrong stores, and other mishaps. These, of course, were not the fault of the machines, but of their human programmers. Nevertheless, real progress is being made. Computerized and automated office equipment is certain to effect real savings in publishing, and what is equally important, shorten the vital distance between publisher and consumer.

Yet, once more, equipment is expensive; many houses are still struggling with old systems of shipping and billing, and many booksellers regularly curse the publishers for the evils of the old practices. Nor has automation solved another ancient issue in the business—the discount system, with its widely varying application from publisher to publisher. Discounting in the book business is still a jungle; besides books, it deals in unalterable opinions and the individualism which is at once the strength and the weakness of publishing.

The greatest hope for solving all these breakdowns between producers and consumers, in the opinion of the new technologists, is to be found in changing the ways by which people obtain books. The *avant-garde* of the technologists, of course, believes that in the future not books but "information" will be obtained. That is the "in" word today. "We are not interested in the book business, we are interested mainly in the information business," George Haller, vice president of the General Electric Company and a director of the General Learning Corporation established by General Electric, and Time, Inc., told the annual meeting of the American Book Publishers Council last May.

Mr. Haller meant that he and other electronics industrialists who are marrying their "hardware" to the publishers' "software" are interested in making money out of what is now the biggest business in the United States—education.

THERE is no question that these happily married business couples will find new ways to process the vast outpouring of facts—of "information"—which is a by-product of our increasingly complicated society, and transfer it by means of new teaching devices into the skulls of the coming generations. Much has already been accomplished in this field; a great deal more is to come. But all publishing is not information. True, textbooks and other educational materials constitute roughly 75 per cent of the book industry; but the remaining 25 per cent is not going to wither and die, and that percentage is not composed, necessarily, of "information" books. A novel is not information, nor is a collection of short stories or poems, nor for that matter is a biography or a book of social commentary or history, in the sense that the technologists think of information.

Consequently, technological advances in this area must be sharply divided. On the one hand, real information, of the kind used in teaching, is going to be placed in enormous storage-and-retrieval systems, available almost instantaneously to students and researchers through electronic devices in home and library. Bibliographical information will be similarly stored. Already planned is a system which will not only tell the inquirer in a library or a bookstore or other book outlet what books are available on a certain subject, but will enable him to order the book at once from the publisher. One hopes that the publishers' distribution system will be able to keep pace with the speed of this device.

Other systems visualize transmitting information to the inquirer by means of television screens and copying devices. Whether books as physical objects will be eliminated by all these systems is a moot point. There are those who argue that "information" in the future will be placed directly onto microfilm or other storage mechanisms in a memory bank. But, others ask, who is to produce this information?

The author is customarily overlooked in these discussions. Automation is not going to help him, except in his obtaining research material. When it is obtained, he must sit down and fashion the words that make the book which is to be transmitted, by whatever means, to the reader. Words and their composition are still the most important elements in publishing, a consideration often overlooked by the technologists. Authors cannot be switched on like machines, nor can machines do the work of authors.

A story being told these days in publishing circles concerns the manufacturer of computer systems who was demonstrating to a select group a new machine into which had been programed two volumes of an encyclopedia. The guests were invited to ask the machine any question on information in the two volumes. One asked simply: "When was Abraham Lincoln shot?" The computer flunked that one. The word "shot" had not been programed into it, only "killed" and "assassinated."

Technologists minimize this story and assert that systems of inquiry can be developed to obviate the difficulty, but the incident does point out the distance that still exists between machines and the human brain.

Inevitably, there will be a clash of technologies if present trends continue. For if all information and non-information is to be transmitted from source to consumer by audio-visual means, or by electronics and copying devices, or by any other system that makes the book obsolete as a physical object, then all the other technology designed to improve the operation of publishing houses will be as obsolete as the books.

Reason and experience tell us that one is not going to preclude the other, that we are most likely to enjoy all the advantages all the technologies are capable of giving us. The publisher of the future will certainly be in the information business, as Mr. Heller predicts; and the information, or at least a substantial part of it, may well be conveyed to the consumer by means other than books. But there will also be an audience for books—for those books that are not "information" and which a man wants to hold in his hand and read, letting his brain form associations and ideas as he turns the pages. There is no reason to believe that this audience will be inconsiderable. Rock-'n'-roll dominates the mass market, but a substantial number of people buy recordings of serious music and attend concerts.

For the book audience, the new technology can be expected to enable publishers to make better books, at lower prices, to be distributed to readers far more efficiently than is possible today. All systems, as they say at Cape Kennedy and along Madison Avenue, are go.

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THE TOWN MEETING REBORN

How ingenious experiments in opinion sampling may increase individual involvement in mass democratic government.

By VERNON F. MILLER

CONTEMPORARY mass media have been accused of creating a mass culture in which the individual is lost in a depersonalized society of unrelated persons. But reversal of this prospect is possible. Mass media can be the vehicle for individual involvement in modern life. If we combine contemporary mass media with modern computer systems, we will have the means to help restore responsibility to the individual and a new sense of community in our society.

Our representative democracy began in an era when all members of a given community could get together to discuss an issue from all sides. With the expansion of population, we lost much of the personal involvement and evaluation by "the people." But the combination of mass media with the potential of computerized response can bring every citizen into as vital a relationship with his government as was possible in town-meeting days. Moreover, modern man will have more time for involvement in government. How can computerized public opinion involve each citizen?

The basic concept can be suggested by this sample format of a television program. An issue of national policy is chosen. Panel members experienced in the field under discussion present varying or opposing points of view. Debate patterns are followed with opportunity for rebuttal and pursuing of specific points in question. A view-screen is available for film clips and statistics. Each person in the studio audience of several hundred has three response buttons on the arm of his seat: "yes," "no," and "?." These feed to the computer.

The audience has been chosen from the area on a random selection basis conforming to procedures of opinion polls. Each person is assigned a specific seat. The computer correlates data by the usual classifications, age, sex, etc. The audience hears the information from the panel. Then questions are asked of the audience. Each person responds to each question by pressing a button. Answers are tabulated in the computer. Immediately the results are shown. The moderator, a person skilled in opinion-poll science, interprets trends. The panel discusses these trends. Finally, the audience asks questions.

This type of opinion poll is significantly improved over current procedures, for all respondents are asked the questions simultaneously, and there are no accidental variations in inflections or surrounding conversations. More important, the answer is given on the basis of thoughtful consideration of the issues.

Opinion polls influence decisions that set the directions of national life. We should be concerned when these important decisions are influenced by inherited, off-the-cuff, uninformed, unexamined answers. We can use mass media and electronic responses to sharpen our judgments.

There is even greater potential to restore individual responsibility toward government when another step is added: the response of the home audience. Current opinion-poll samplings are so small that most people have never been asked an opinion on any subject. They think they will never be polled. They see informing programs, but do not push themselves to make a decision about how they believe the issue should be solved. They have information, but have not practiced the art of responsible reaction.

Viewers across the nation can be motivated to come to decisions and register opinions. Each viewer would have a porta-punch card. On it would be printed several basic questions. With a toothpick, he could punch out the "yes" or "no" holes. In the morning he could drop this card in the mail. Very shortly this mass response would be tabulated and reported, and every citizen would see the tabulation that included his expression of opinion.

In the near future, it will be possible to tabulate the viewer's decision response immediately by use of his telephone. When push-button phones are in general use, the different number digits can be used to send responses to questions. Present engineering would not accommodate thousands of simultaneous calls in a metropolitan area. However, if a large business with multiple-phone lines would allow usage of its facilities at night, a large number could be recorded over a two- or three-hour period. The computer could even ask each question by the phone, indicating which digit to push for a "yes," "no," or "?." For more

The Reverend Vernon F. Miller, a student of public opinion and social action, is minister of the Goshen City, Indiana, Church of the Brethren.

"Before it's too late, Harry, why don't you quit the old rat race?"

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complex surveys, it could ask different questions depending on the previous answers.

Beyond cultivation of decision response by the individual viewer by means of punch-cards or telephones, still another step is possible: the neighborhood group-response. A person is really never sure how fully he believes an idea until he has expressed it in his own words to another person. In the give and take of conversation he can correct errors, and be open to new insights. A group can come out with a creative new concept that no one person had at the beginning.

We could organize our neighborhoods into groups of eight to twelve persons. We did this with block captains and air-raid wardens in World War II, and, to the extent that it helps recapture government of the people, it might be our best security against World War III. An issue might be selected for each month of the year. Newspaper feature articles, public-think letters, radio-talk programs, and local television panel discussions would draw out people's ideas at the local level. National magazines might document background material, and each television network could present a documentary or debate as outlined earlier. On the fourth week of the month, neighborhood groups would meet. They would have a printed discussion guide and porta-punch cards. After a thorough discussion of the alternatives, they would record their opinions on the punch-cards and send them in.

Most people tend to gather with groups who think as they do. These groups would tend to mix people of different political, religious, and fraternal groupings. The concept of deliberative assembly where speakers are listened to for truth is largely absent even in Congress. There used to be more than 500 cities with more than one newspaper; now there are only seventy-five; and television news for the entire nation comes primarily from three networks. Thus the proposed techniques would help rediscover the values of debate of both sides of an issue.

They also could be valuable training for the role of the citizen at election time. They could help him focus on issues rather than the personality of a candidate, and they could be the framework for a forum open to all candidates regardless of their financial ability to purchase advertising.

Moreover, these techniques and practices for a people's government in mass society could become our most valuable item of foreign aid. The capacity for informed individual participation in law and order is a basic need in both old and new nations, as well as a requisite for world peace. But we must practice this capacity ourselves before we presume to share it with others.

How a Space Industry Contributes to School Planning

The same computers and data specialists that simulate space flights for the designers of NASA's two-man GEMINI spacecraft have planned a campus for the St. Louis Junior College District.

A California survey revealed that a typical junior college for 4,500 students requires 142 classrooms. For the same enrollment, the St. Louis campus will need only 80.

Acting on the computer's analysis, college officials were able to cut 100,000 square feet from building plans. They reported this would reduce their anticipated $13.5 million construction budget by $3 million.

The campus simulation was done by the McDonnell Automation Center, a division of McDonnell Aircraft Corporation, designers and builders of America's Mercury and Gemini manned orbital spacecraft. McDonnell automation specialists used data that included projected curriculum, courses, faculty number, class time patterns, and seating capacity of classrooms, laboratories, lecture halls, and shops. The computer then analyzed many possible alternatives, and wrote a complete schedule that would keep proposed instructional areas in use 80 per cent of a 45-hour week (8:00 A.M.—5:00 P.M.) with seat utilization rates greater than 90 per cent. Prevailing room utilization for existing campuses is less than 50 per cent.

Undertaken by the District with backing from Ford Foundation's Educational Facilities Laboratories and with a program developed at MIT, this project points the way to increased efficiency in planning public and private educational plants, expenditures for which hit $1.2 billion nationally in 1963.

The McDonnell Automation Center has also developed and applied school programs which are freeing educators from classroom scheduling, grade card reporting, and a variety of school administration functions.

For information about the St. Louis Junior College simulation and other McDonnell consulting, system design, programming, data processing and computing services, write for the reports, "Flying a College", and "Automation".

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WHITHER PERSONAL PRIVACY?

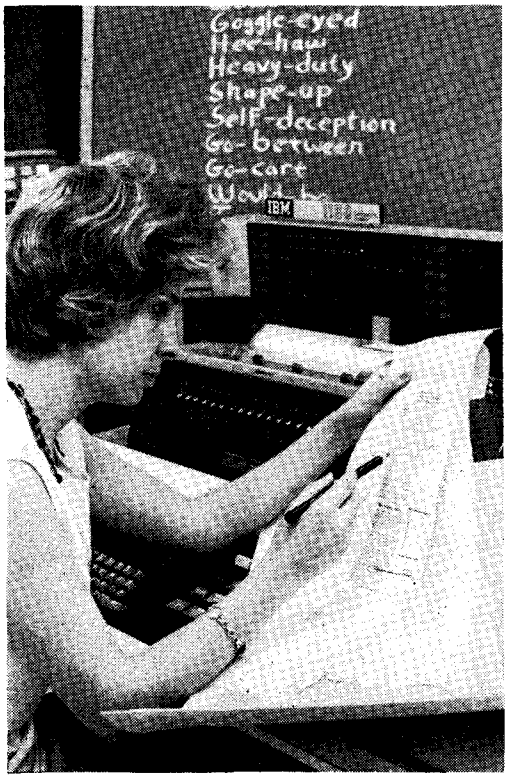
Computer technology may enlarge Man's liberty or inhibit it; new rules must be made; new questions answered.

By JOHN LEAR

BETWEEN my resignation as an editor of the slowly dying *Collier's* and the inauguration of SR's Science and Humanity Supplement, I was for a short while a minor adviser to Thomas J. Watson, Jr., son of the founder of the International Business Machines Corporation. My experience there contradicted two popular beliefs about IBM.

The first belief was that all IBM employes were required, as a condition of employment, to wear white shirts on the job, stay sober at home, and maintain upright on their desktops identical copies of a small sign bearing the personal command of Thomas J. Watson, Sr.: THINK. I wore light blue shirts, drank cocktails at lunch, and put the THINK sign on the windowsill of my office whenever my secretary put it back on my desk; yet I had a standing invitation to young Tom's sanctum.

Automatic type composition by the IBM 1130—"a computer can do only what it is told to do."



The second of my working conditions that ran against supposed IBM tradition had to do with that then-new phenomenon, the so-called "giant brain," or high-speed electronic computer. IBM has sold an enormous number of electronic computers. According to legend, a loyal IBM salesman would leave his wife if necessary to clinch another sale. The truth about IBM computer sales, as I experienced it, was that an immense share of IBM's sales investment went into persuading eager customers *to delay the purchase of computers.*

Delaying was sound business practice because a computer can do only what it is told to do; it must follow instructions literally; until the instructor himself is sure where literal pursuit of a long series of tiny steps will lead, turning the task over to a computer can be dangerous. The machine may complete its assignment before its owners realize that the outcome isn't really the one they seek.

The period of my IBM experience dates back roughly a dozen years. At that time, computers could do only one thing at a time, in sequence. Computer programers—the people who break everyday English into binary arithmetic messages (consisting entirely of numerical zeros and ones) comprehensible to the machines—were such valuable individuals that IBM allowed them to sit at the computer control consoles as long as necessary to figure out flaws in the translation process. Since then, the speed of the machines has risen, the size of components has shrunk, and computer sophistication has grown to such a state that a machine can do a number of different things at a time, not necessarily in sequence.

As a result, the computer's time is worth upwards of $300 an hour—too valuable to be wasted by a programer's head-scratching; and each programer now must figure out unexpected problems in a separate place while the computer goes on with other people's problems. In other words, it is now possible for wrongly instructed computers to make more disastrous and far-reaching mistakes in a shorter time than ever.

Paul Baran, of the RAND Corporation in Santa Monica, has studied this dilemma more searchingly than most observers of the phenomenon.

"As we pass through life," he reminds us, "we leave a trail of records, widely dispersed and generally inaccessible—except with a great deal of effort and diligence. Beginning with a birth certificate, we accumulate hospital and medical records. We become deductions on our parents' income tax. In school, we generate records of our grades, attendance, IQ tests, personality profiles, etc. (Automated teaching will add to this record keeping. The volume of data recorded per child may be expected to increase even more markedly.) After school we start accumulating employment, social security, and selective service records. We may get a driver's license. Most of us will apply for marriage licenses, and some of us will collect divorce decrees which will end in voluminous court records. If we are lucky, we will be able to avoid having arrest and jail records.

WE move from job to job in a mobile economy creating moving-company inventory records of our goods. Even as we move from place to place we leave behind short records of our airplane reservations and, for some reason, every hotel makes a ritual of acquiring and preserving the alleged names and addresses of its guests for posterity. This is only a partial list. Think of all the records you leave as you go through life.

"Behind all this creating of records is the implicit assumption that they will some day be of use. In order to be of use, there must be some means of interrogating the files to resurrect the information sought.

"An Internal Revenue Department investigator might wish to have immediate access to the tax returns of each of the associates of a man who is being audited, in order to check on consistency of financial relationships.

"A company may wish to have rapid access to its personnel files to know whether to give a good reference to a former employee.

"A doctor may wish to trace the entire medical history of a patient to provide better input into a diagnostic computer.

"The Veterans' Administration may wish to examine a man's complete military record and *possible other* previous medical records to see whether the ailment claimed as being service-connected really is service-connected.

"A lawyer for the defense of a man will wish to search for jail and arrest records, and possibly credit records of *all* witnesses for the plaintiff.

"Professional licensing boards may want to delve into *any* records to determine if an applicant has an unblemished character.

"The military in filling extremely sensitive positions may even wish a record of all books borrowed by a prospective

(*Continued on page* 41)

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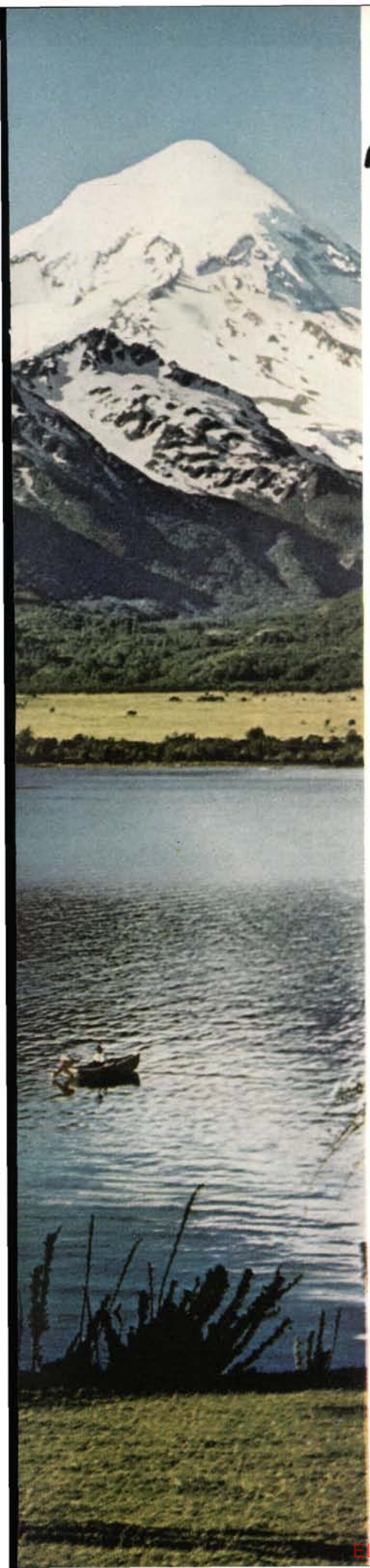

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IBM computers help schools discover budding talents

NOT long ago, most high school students took pretty much the same routine courses.

The picture has changed. Today's educators are making every effort to fit the *school* to the needs of the *individual*. IBM computers are helping make that possible in a growing number of schools.

The analysis of a child's special aptitudes now starts at an earlier age. There is more consultation with parents, more guidance in selecting subjects that will help Johnny or Mary realize their best potential in later years.

But this presents two problems:

How can teachers learn enough about each child to give him accurate guidance?

Then—how can a hundred high school classes be arranged to fit the needs of each and every student?

Courses to fit the student

This is how a 2,200-pupil high school in California solves the problem. An IBM computer can swiftly analyze each student's aptitude and achievement tests. This allows counselors to concentrate on helping students select the most beneficial subjects.

The computer prints out class schedules for each student. *Millions of calculations are done by the computer in a matter of hours.*

IBM computers also serve educators in analyzing the factors which are keeping students from achieving better grades.

Saves $3 million on school costs

IBM computers also help plan more efficient schools at lower cost. At one Midwest city, the computer was given specifications for a proposed junior college—the classrooms and labs needed for its student body and faculty. The computer then printed out a plan for an efficient campus that cost three million dollars less than the original estimate.

"Meets our main objective"

A leading educator said, "IBM computers have lifted loads of paper work from our teaching staff, allowing them more time to help the individual student. But, best of all, computers help us meet our main objective of helping each student find and develop his special talents."

IBM®

IBM computers help counselors to find student's special aptitudes. These high school sophomores are measuring the rate plants absorb radio active water.

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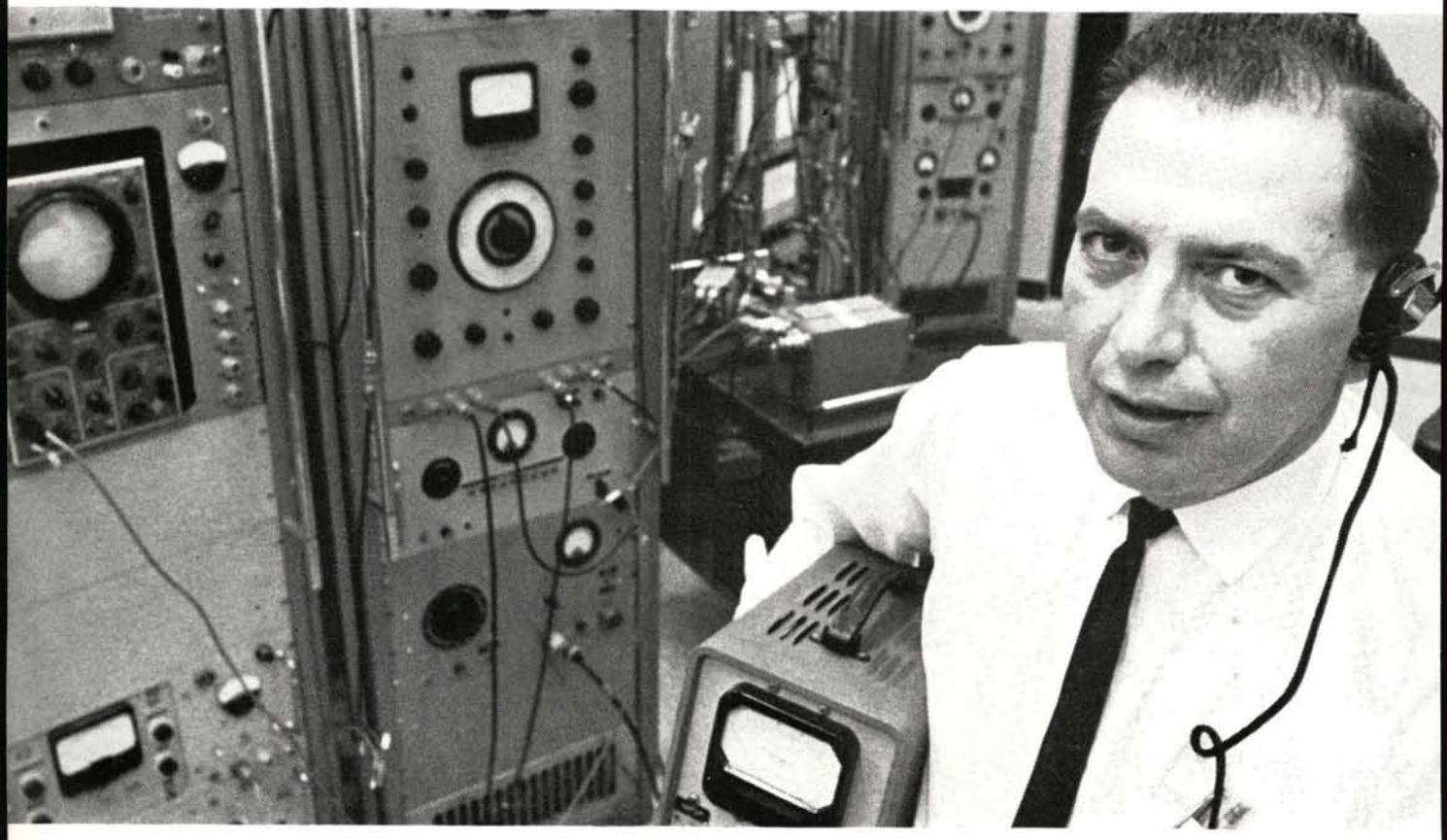
Gene Smith got the radio bug in 1927...

today he's an electronics analyzer at GM



The date: September 22, 1927. Gene Smith of Huntington, West Virginia, hunches over a radio crackling with static and the excitement of an historic fight—the second Dempsey-Tunney world heavyweight match.

But more importantly, for Gene, it's his first closeup look at radio, and he is fascinated with the maze of wire and tubes that somehow—miraculously—snatch the announcer's voice from the air. That fascination never cools.

First, Gene Smith built crude crystal sets. Then, he rebuilt a set operated off his father's car battery. Next a plug-in set, one of the first in the neighborhood. And radio was a big part of his life in the U.S. Navy, where he served as Radio Technician, 1st Class.

And then, in 1953, Gene Smith joined the Cadillac Division of General Motors and set up the Test Instrumentation Application Section. Today he heads up a crack team of technicians responsible for the accuracy of test equipment that helps make Cadillac the leader among luxury cars.

There were three winners that eventful Fall day many years ago: Gene Tunney, Gene Smith and General Motors!

GM

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Continued from page 36

applicant to insure that his interests are wholesome and he possesses the proper political bias desired.

"Today it is difficult to gather such information about a prospective examinee. If one went through direct channels and asked most sources for their records about a person, he would most likely be rejected, if for no other reason than that the information is not available —cheaply. Even if the records were publicly available, the investigator would have to spend a great deal of time and effort delving through to discover pertinent data. Today, as a practical matter, if one wishes to obtain certain information about a person, he hires a private detective who charges a great deal of money and expends a great amount of time obtaining a little information available from a portion of these potential records. The price for a fishing expedition for information is high and most of the fish are inaccessible."

HAVING thus summed up "the pleasant past," RAND analyst Baran looks into the future through a three-step review of established processes of computer storage of information. STEP ONE: Manual records are kept by human clerks. STEP TWO: Some of the clerks are eliminated by putting all the records into a central computer file with readout of the records controlled from a single point. STEP THREE: Information is read into and out of the file from a large number of different points.

Baran envisages connection of one remote-access computer with other similar computers, and through this, "danger of loss of the individual's right to privacy as we know privacy today." "The composite information data base may be so large and so easily accessible that it would permit unscrupulous individuals to use this information for unlawful means," he warns. "Modern organized crime should be expected to have the financial resources and skills necessary to acquire and misuse the information."

He expresses concern not only over the possible creation of "automated blackmail machines" but over the potential addition of "inferential relational retrieval techniques" now being developed which, "when fully refined, could determine relationships of any person, organization, event, etc., to any other person, organization, or event." Noting that "humans, by their day-to-day necessity of making decisions on totally inadequate evidence, are innately prone to jump to conclusions when presented with very thin chains of inferred relationships," he predicts an increase in the already growing practice of unearthing defaming information about candidates for political office.

The Baran forecast of computer hazards is fortified by the studies of another RAND researcher, M. R. Maron.

"Consider," suggests Maron, "what could happen as machines are used to make decisions about people. For example, consider a situation where a computer is programed to decide who should get a security clearance from the government, or who should get an education loan, or whether someone's driver's license should be suspended, or who should get a passport, or who should be accepted for the Peace Corps or the Job Corps, etc.

"As larger files [of machine-language data, stored in computer memories, linked cross-country by telephone] become accessible there will be a natural tendency to use machines for the automatic selection (or rejection) of people according to some pre-programed set of criteria. Supposedly these criteria will have been carefully thought out before programing the machine. Even so, the implications are dangerous.

"In such a mechanized situation, how does an individual get an opportunity to 'tell the system' that its selective criteria don't apply to his own special case? Each individual is different, each has certain extenuating circumstances, each has information which he believes to be relevant to the selection decision and which the system does not consider relevant. And so on. If an individual does not have the opportunity to be judged on the circumstances of his own special (individual) situation, *then he is being treated as a machine!*

"Will there be a tendency in the future to create an environment where we treat each other as machines; *i.e.*, where there is no opportunity to 'change the system's mind'? How can we create a society where we treat our citizens as people and not as machines? How can we create a society where each individual has the opportunity to explore and unfold his own special potentials—to realize what he is?

"These questions lead to further questions—to questions about who we are and what it means to be a *person*. And this brings us to the problem of *values*. What kind of a life do we want? What kind would we value—ought we to have? How can we create a society that fosters those actions and goals that we value? How define and explicate values? How measure and compare and rate values? How select among competing values? How can we estimate the impact of computers on our values?

"And if our projections into the future suggest that we are heading toward a future society which is not conducive to a 'good' life, what can be done to isolate the trouble spots and to influence those changes that will prevent the possible 'evils'? Such analysis of future prospects implies prediction, evaluation, and then some attempt at control. Can the process of control be made democratic so that a small professional élite does not dominate in influencing the shape of the future?

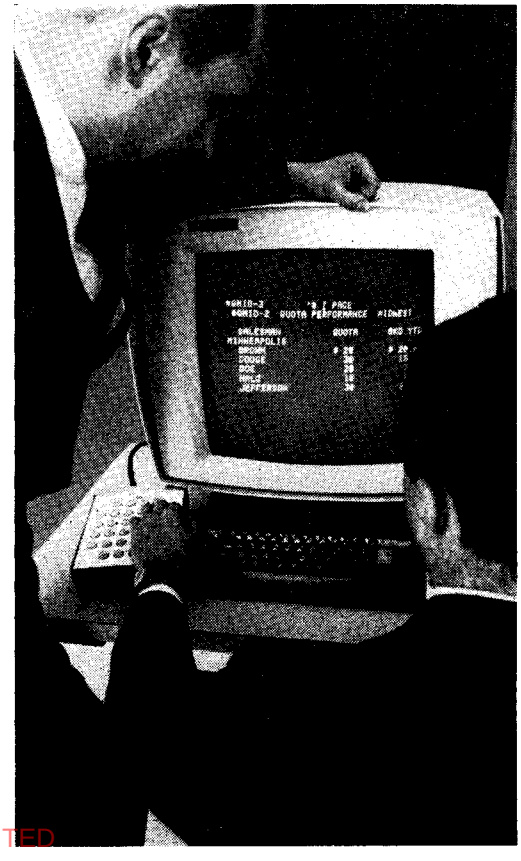
"Finally, there is the problem of time —the time that it takes to initiate and complete corrective action. Given an analysis of the impact of computers on society and given some corrective action that must be taken in order to avoid some future situation, how long a time lag will occur between corrective action and modification of the situation?"

The positive cultural potential of computers was emphasized last January in a report to President Lyndon B. Johnson by The National Commission on Technology, Automation, and Economic Progress. Although this report dissented from the "almost . . . commonplace [opinion] that the world is experiencing a scientific and technological revolution" of sufficient power "to make our economic institutions and the notion of gainful employment obsolete," it proposed serious consideration of development of a computerized "system of social accounts" capable of analyzing accurately in advance the benefits and costs of any sociopolitical experiment. Such a system theoretically could grapple competently with complex problems such as water and air pollution, urban blight, the transportation tangle, integration of the Negro into American society, and the continuing spread of crime.

The Presidential Commission report

(*Continued on page 67*)

Sales records being checked electronically—"Will there be a tendency in the future to create an environment where we treat each other as machines?"



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The Computer and the Poet

THE ESSENTIAL problem of man in a computerized age remains the same as it has always been. That problem is not solely how to be more productive, more comfortable, more content, but how to be more sensitive, more sensible, more proportionate, more alive. The computer makes possible a phenomenal leap in human proficiency; it demolishes the fences around the practical and even the theoretical intelligence. But the question persists and indeed grows whether the computer will make it easier or harder for human beings to know who they really are, to identify their real problems, to respond more fully to beauty, to place adequate value on life, and to make their world safer than it now is.

Electronic brains can reduce the profusion of dead ends involved in vital research. But they can't eliminate the foolishness and decay that come from the unexamined life. Nor do they connect a man to the things he has to be connected to—the reality of pain in others; the possibilities of creative growth in himself; the memory of the race; and the rights of the next generation.

The reason these matters are important in a computerized age is that there may be a tendency to mistake data for wisdom, just as there has always been a tendency to confuse logic with values, and intelligence with insight. Unobstructed access to facts can produce unlimited good only if it is matched by the desire and ability to find out what they mean and where they would lead.

Facts are terrible things if left sprawling and unattended. They are too easily regarded as evaluated certainties rather than as the rawest of raw materials crying to be processed into the texture of logic. It requires a very unusual mind, Whitehead said, to undertake the analysis of a fact. The computer can provide a correct number, but it may be an irrelevant number until judgment is pronounced.

TO the extent, then, that man fails to make the distinction between the intermediate operations of electronic intelligence and the ultimate responsibilities of human decision and conscience, the computer could prove a digression. It could obscure man's awareness of the need to come to terms with himself. It may foster the illusion that he is asking fundamental questions when actually he is asking only functional ones. It may be regarded as a substitute for intelligence instead of an extension of it. It may promote undue confidence in concrete answers. "If we begin with certainties," Bacon said, "we shall end in doubts; but if we begin with doubts, and we are patient with them, we shall end in certainties."

The computer knows how to vanquish error, but before we lose ourselves in celebration of the victory, we might reflect on the great advances in the human situation that have come about because men were challenged by error and would not stop thinking and probing until they found better approaches for dealing with it. "Give me a good fruitful error, full of seeds, bursting with its own corrections," Ferris Greenslet wrote. "You can keep your sterile truth for yourself."

The biggest single need in computer technology is not for improved circuitry, or enlarged capacity, or prolonged memory, or miniaturized containers, but for better questions and better use of the answers. Without taking anything away from the technicians, we think it might be fruitful to effect some sort of junction between the computer technologist and the poet. A genuine purpose may be served by turning loose the wonders of the creative imagination on the kinds of problems being put to electronic tubes and transistors. The company of poets may enable the men who tend the machines to see a larger panorama of possibilities than technology alone may inspire.

A POET, said Aristotle, has the advantage of expressing the universal; the specialist expresses only the particular. The poet, moreover, can remind us that man's greatest energy comes not from his dynamos but from his dreams. The notion of where a man ought to be instead of where he is; the liberation from cramped prospects; the intimations of immortality through art—all these proceed naturally out of dreams. But the quality of a man's dreams can only be a reflection of his subconscious. What he puts into his subconscious, therefore, is quite literally the most important nourishment in the world.

Nothing really happens to a man except as it is registered in the subconscious. This is where event and feeling become memory and where the proof of life is stored. The poet—and we use the term to include all those who have respect for and speak to the human spirit—can help to supply the subconscious with material to enhance its sensitivity, thus safeguarding it. The poet, too, can help to keep man from making himself over in the image of his electronic marvels. For the danger is not so much that man will be controlled by the computer as that he may imitate it.

The poet reminds men of their uniqueness. It is not necessary to possess the ultimate definition of this uniqueness. Even to speculate on it is a gain.

—N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Peace Basics

In his article, "The Causes of Peace" [*SR*, July 2], John F. Wharton makes a serious error, I think, in postulating a "latent pro-war" drive in "most men and women." If most men desire to risk their lives in combat, then why do the vast majority of military-age youths, particularly college youths, attempt to avoid the draft? The "pro-war drive" in the U.S. today manifests itself far less in the desire to risk one's own life in the Vietnam jungles than in the desire to risk others' lives.

C. W. Griffin, Jr.

Denville, N.J.

Mr. Wharton errs, I think, in his belief that "there is no inconsistency in trying to promote communality while carrying the biggest stick in history. . . ." There is no evidence that this country's "gestures of friendship and cooperation" are "most effective" while we self-righteously proclaim that our special brand of runaway militarism promotes democracy and peace. Understanding the devastating psychological effect of military power upon ourselves, as well as the fear and hatred it engenders in others, is essential to the "more affirmative morality" needed.

(Mrs.) Mary Farquharson.

Seattle, Wash.

So we know the causes of peace. What are the causes of war? Since the nature of man demands always a distinction between the "in" group and the "out," it would appear that world peace will occur when all nations are regarded as "in." Or to amplify it, when national goals have sufficient in common to pose no threat to the identity of one another.

Since the material wealth of the world is most unequally distributed, the chances of peace in the near future are exceedingly remote. It will take at least another fifty years for the populous countries of the world to obtain something like parity in terms of industrialization. During that period the temptation to obtain wealth by conquest rather than commerce will remain as a short cut to heaven. With Man's great capacity to pursue ideal-mirages reflected from empty words, the nature of that heaven will remain in doubt.

Donald J. Paterson.

San Diego, Calif.

To propose peace as a last resort, as Mr. Wharton has done, is to forget the possibility that peace as an attitude may lead to the creation of effective deterrents, such as a common loyalty to an ideal of brotherhood. Such attitudes have prevailed in the ideological structure of many religious groups, e.g., the Mennonites, and have worked effectively. Again I ask Mr. Wharton why it is so inconceivable that peace can be achieved? Why not inquire about the possibility of creating the proper spirit in the hearts of men?

Darrel E. Bigham.

Lawrence, Kan.

"Would you mind doing that again, please?"

Psychology and Vietnam

Secretary General U Thant recently described the war in Vietnam as "one of the most barbarous" in history. It might well be appropriate for *SR* to commission a historian or a social psychologist to survey the roots of our attitudes toward this barbarity. The survey might well start with the questions raised in this column June 4 by Dr. Jerome D. Frank in terms of the psychological changes that have occurred in a presumably humane and peaceful America. Dr. Frank posed his questions in relation to the use of napalm and the atrocities of the South Vietnamese troops.

It is traditionally argued that it is war itself that is evil, that evil acts will necessarily occur in any war, and that the way the war is fought is not a separate issue. But the fact that Germany was at war did not justify the extermination of 6,000,000 Jews. Neither does a state of undeclared war justify our daily extermination of the civilian population of South and North Vietnam.

America does have a moral conscience, and an increasingly sensitive moral conscience for the human rights of minority groups and for the impoverished in this country. But something has gone wrong in Vietnam. Our humanism here is matched by our barbarity there.

Jesse Burkhead.

Dewitt, N.Y.

Wafted on Trade Winds

Jerome Beatty, Jr., in his column of July 2 in which he discussed Mark Twain's difficulties in learning German, says Twain "decided he would rather decline two drinks than one verb." I wonder if Mr. Beatty has inadvertently compounded Mr. Twain's difficulties with the German language? If Twain actually endeavored to decline a verb—Götterdämmerung! Perhaps he hadn't really declined those two drinks, either, and wasn't himself. Personally I never decline either a verb or a drink; although I have, on occasion, conjugated the former.

Don Meadows.

Glendale, Calif.

Many thanks to *SR* for the Trade Winds column on Dr. Daniel Fader in your June 25 issue. I only wish Mr. Beatty had mentioned that *Hooked on Books* is published by Berkley Publishing Corp., in case any of your readers would like to get a copy.

Stephen Conland,
President,
Berkley Publishing Corp.

New York, N.Y.

Scientism vs. Humanism

Since Arthur Miller's essay, "The Writer as Independent Spirit," appeared in your pages on June 4, the balance of the letters in response has disturbed me. A great number of them have been written in defense of the psychiatric profession, because the writers apparently feel that Mr. Miller attacked that profession.

What Mr. Miller was condemning was "the devilish and false ideology . . . of scientism," not any science in particular, and still less any profession. "Scientism" is seen by Mr. Miller to be the "triumph of the pettifogger, the triumph of the lover of minutiae," not an achievement of psychology as such.

Mr. Miller said a thing that must be said—that we need a return to humanism, that we need "to persist against all odds in justifying a human-centered vision of life."

Brother Malachy Boylan, F.S.C.
St. George High School.

Evanston, Ill.

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McLuhan

Continued from page 21

sounds and music, can involve the viewer in a fever of inferences and participating feelings. It is surely this complexity—not a mosaic or other pattern—that makes these media so rich and—from an establishment point of view—potentially treacherous. Add to this the omnipresence of television, and one hardly needs to search for mystical explanations of its impact.

McLuhan has another subsidiary theory that seems attractively neat at first, but contributes no enlightenment. This is that the "content" of a medium (McLuhan prefers to put "content" in quotes) is always an old medium. "The 'content' of TV," he says, "is the movie." On the contrary, as Innis made clear, every new medium has made itself felt by new content, and has in this way had its upsetting effect on existing power structures. The printing press presented material and ideas ignored by monastic copyists. And Negroes on television marching from Selma toward Montgomery in company with white men and women, and seen by Dixiecrats in a Selma country club via a network telecast—as so vividly described in *The New York Times*—were in no sense an old movie. They were "content," and not just a mosaic.

But perhaps media are not as easily pigeonholed as McLuhan believes. Each medium has technical limitations which, on further consideration, appear to yield special advantages, and the ultimate limitations are those of the mind. McLuhan writes in the medium of print. This is said to induce a sequential, assembly-line habit of thought. In spite of this, McLuhan's writings have had a resonant, all-at-once effect, precipitating coast-to-coast debates. He has used the medium to speak more than the Gutenberg message. Was it perhaps "content" that did it? How he has accomplished the miracle he will have to tell us, but it seems to require at least some modification of his message.

Coming July 30

The New Music of Poland
by Oliver Daniel

"That's how it is, nowadays. You buy one man, you buy only one vote."

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Books

45 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "Nobody Does You Any Favors," by James Yaffe, and "All the Little Heroes," by Herbert Wilner
46 Letters to the Book Review Editor
47 "The Road to Sarajevo," by Vladimir Dedijer
48 "Eagle Day: The Battle of Britain," by Richard Collier
51 "For Spacious Skies," by Pearl S. Buck with Theodore F. Harris
52 "Love and Hate in China," by Hans Koningsberger
53 "Postscript from Hiroshima," by Rafael Steinberg
54 "491," by Lars Görling
54 "It Only Hurts a Minute," by Don Mankiewicz
55 "The Seahorse," by Anthony Masters
56 Books for Young People, by Alice Dalgliesh
58 "Two Under the Indian Sun," by Jon and Rumer Godden
59 "Stranger and Friend: The Way of an Anthropologist," by Hortense Powdermaker
60 Check List of the Week's New Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

Sons of Successful Fathers

ALTHOUGH I have seen favorable comments on *What's the Big Hurry?* and other novels by James Yaffe, *Nobody Does You Any Favors* (Putnam, $5.95) is the first book of his that I have read. He is, as I had assumed, a thoroughly competent writer with full command of his material. In this particular book, however, it seems to me that he hasn't given himself a fair break.

The novel's principal character is Arnold Hermann, who was brought to the United States as a child and who made up his mind by the time he was fifteen not merely to escape from poverty but to become rich. When the novel opens, in 1932, he is doing fairly well in the manufacture of leather goods, is married, and is looking forward eagerly to the birth of a son. Thirty-three years old, he believes that he has reached a decisive moment in his drive for success, and when he has a chance to take advantage of a competitor, he seizes it despite the remonstrances of his wife and his brother.

Twenty-five years later Arnold is enjoying the fruits of success, including a Cadillac with chauffeur to take him to and from his office. What worries him now is his son, Roger, who wants to be a painter instead of entering Mary Tudor Leatherwear, Inc. Arnold has given him a year in Paris, hoping that he will get the painting nonsense out of his head; and on his return Roger agrees to work for his father. He is a success, too, but his heart is not in the designing of handbags, and when he meets a girl who admires his paintings, the conflict between father and son starts all over again.

This is a tale that has been told again and again in American fiction, especially in the Twenties and Thirties: the self-made man whose only values are pecuniary and who unsuccessfully tries to mold his son in his image. Neither of Yaffe's characters can be dismissed as a stereotype, however. Arnold loves money, but he also loves business and can imagine no more exciting activity. Though he always manages to suppress his self-doubts, he does have them. As for Roger, he is not a genius, and without the support of the girl he eventually marries he might easily have been defeated by his father. One can believe in these characters, but, having met their like before, one can't be much interested in them.

On the other hand, *All the Little Heroes* (Bobbs-Merrill, $6.50), a first novel by Herbert Wilner, brings to the reader a fresh and stimulating experience. It is the story of what happens to a bunch of kids in Brooklyn during the last ten days of World War II. It is also the story of Dr. Oliver Selfridge, a man who has as far as possible kept himself apart from life. Like Bill Barrett in Walker Percy's *The Last Gentleman,* Oliver is the last representative of a once distinguished family, and his detachment is rather like Barrett's, except that it has been carefully inculcated by the aunt who brought him up.

Oliver, a draft-dodger and no longer a practicing physician, goes to Staten Island to find his father, whom he has not seen since childhood. During the interview, in a moment of panic, Oliver strikes the old man, who has had a heart attack and may or may not be dead at the moment the blow falls. Nearby the Brooklyn kids have a camp, and when one of them is burned by hot fat, the youngest, Matty, goes to a nearby house for butter and comes upon the doctor and the corpse of the old man.

From now on Oliver's life is deeply involved with the lives of Matty and eight or ten of his companions. Wilner has chosen to tell the story in a complicated, sometimes difficult, but in the end effective way. The passages dealing directly with Oliver, showing how he came to be what he is, are written in the third person and show Oliver from both the outside and the inside. Then there are chapters in which Matty tells, usually in the present tense, what he did and what he saw. Some other characters are also allowed to tell their own stories, including Judith, Matty's older sister, who falls in love with Oliver, and Bimbo, father of one of the boys and in his own mind the club's adviser and benefactor. Finally Priest, who in 1945 is the most responsible of the boys and the club's president, looks back on the happenings twenty years later, after he has become a psychiatrist, and tries to understand them.

Although Wilner sometimes confuses the reader with the turns and twists of his way of telling the story, he states his theme clearly at the outset, for he concludes the first chapter, the account of the death of Oliver's father, with a statement about Oliver's character and destiny. After saying that the death has meant little to Oliver, he continues:

> He has been preoccupied in the past months with what he has come to think of as his own posthumous life. He has resigned himself to the idea that he is soon going to die, and he has imagined a need to find someone to whom it will matter. . . . The way out of being alone has always been for him the most

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intolerable kind of loneliness. He has no story, even now.

He stays on in the house, deluding himself, waiting at the end of things for something to happen. It will come by chance. It will be, at last, at the end, the start of a story for him. If it will have no meaning, it will have consequences. Endlessly, there are consequences.

It is with the consequences, of course, that the novel is concerned, the consequences for Oliver and for the boys. Wilner tells the story with humor, tenderness, and irony. He can be gently funny, as in his description of Matty's sexual initiation; and he can be farcical, as in the account of Bimbo's plot to rescue Oliver, which is almost as ridiculous as Tom Sawyer's plot at the end of *Huckleberry Finn*. He writes about the boys with a friendly sort of gusto, but he never sentimentalizes them; they are tough kids even though they have their generous moments. As for the change in Oliver, it is not a miraculous transformation, and the question remains whether his attempts to help some of the boys do harm or good.

The method he has chosen compels Wilner to write in a variety of styles, and he carries them off very well. The third person narrative is always firm and good and sometimes brilliant, as in the account of a track meet in which Oliver once took part. The first-person passages always seem true to character, and the handling of the vernacular, especially in Matty's chapters, is very good indeed. The book has its faults—it doesn't need to be as long as it is—but it is alive in a way that the Yaffe book and a lot of other novels aren't. A real imagination is operating here, and I am eager to see its susbequent workings.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 1198

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1198 will be found in the next issue.

OZVMSO VLCCSVOLW—ONS TFD XNL DSPSW XFDOK OL KSS QLHW OZVMSO HDCSKK QLH FWS FKCSSJ.

—S. P. CHVFK

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1197

The true use of speech is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them. —Goldsmith.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Christian Atheism

Mr. Dave Hill has said (Letters to Book Review Editor, *SR*, June 25): "I readily accept Christ, and subscribe to his moral teaching, *but this does not necessitate a belief in the God Christ believed in.*" . . . To quote St. Paul . . . : "If Christ has not been raised, your faith is worthless; you are still in your sins. . . . If we have only hoped in Christ in this life, we are of all men most to be pitied." (I Corinthians 15:17 & 19.)

The dictionary definition of Christian is: "A person professing belief in Jesus as the Christ, or in the religion based on the teachings of Jesus." To me one of the saddest commentaries on our times is the great number of people calling themselves Christian who are ignorant of the real meaning of the term.

J. B. Dixon.

Pensacola, Fla.

Your article "The Urban Renewal of Religion" [*SR*, May 14] and more recent letters referring to it are very interesting. "Old-fashioned," I think, describes much of today's religious argument. The Presence in every man, an idea on an entirely different level than the "God is or is not dead" idea, has been understood by students of metaphysics for many years. Also, those who claim to follow Christ but disbelieve in God are in error through ignorance. The inspiration for Jesus the Christ's character, it is reported, was his silent communicating with his Creator and indwelling Companion, whom he called God.

Margaret Watrous.

Hamden, Conn.

Childhood Without Magic

As a sixteen year old who thinks he can see himself "growing up" I must take exception to Anna Balakian's review of *The Opoponax* [*SR*, July 2]. "That children see but do not judge" and feel without need of meaning, are valid and important assumptions. Once *I* could not cry at the death of a close relative, and I assure you that my only regret was that I could not meet the accepted standards of showing grief.

What is the difference between an adult and a child if it isn't the latter's privilage of seeing without feeling? Childhood affords the privelage of not having to pass judgements or make committments. It provides the privelage of impersonal stubbornness and irresponsibility. In childhood we accumulate bits and pieces of reality which are the basis of future judgements. And is this reality not the uninterrupted flow of experience, meaningless, except for the elements of fear and physical pain?

So I suggest that "the wonder of childhood and 'the magic glow' of the world" are both simply silly nctions of people so far removed from childhood that they imagine or remember it as a poetic experience filled by an indomitable spirit of optimistic appreciation of daffodils, Little Bo Beep, and the world in general.

Even now, I must doubt the existence of the human spirit which is said to be most abundantly endowed in youth. I cannot ask any child to believe in love or hate in his universe dominated by the sciences, and especially those of biology and psychology.

In Modern Society, I think a fundamental and increasingly obvious problem arises from this conflict. The society increasingly encroaches upon the inalienable privelages of childhood by imposing more and more "meaning" earlier and earlier in the life cycle. This superficial education (starting with games, puzzles, television) creates semi-adults making malformed judgements based upon distorted values. Still, people are shocked by the increasing percentage of today's youth floundering miserably in the contorted maze of values which has been created.

And so I wish Professor Balakian had not condemned *The Opoponax* to "the literary wastelands" merely because it is an attack upon her mythical conception of childhood and youth. It is a mistake to be "willing, sadly, to accept *The Opoponax* as the world of a particular, arid conscience" because it is not a sad book. It just happens to be more truthful and valuable than Fournier or Wordsworth.

Naresh Khanna.

New York, N.Y.

Cause Defined

The closing paragraph of Abram Sachar's review of *The Spanish Inquisition* and *A History of the Jews in Christian Spain*, Vol. II [*SR*, June 18] contains a common misconception evident among many leaders of the modern Jewish race, a strange reliance on racial isolation. Does it ever occur to the "many Jewish leaders of today" who "insist that Jews must rely more and more on inner strength, on their own resources, on self-help" that they are prescribing the cause rather than the cure for anti-Semitism and all its deplorable results?

James K. Clark.

New York, N.Y.

Nervous Umlaut

Regarding The European Literary Scene in your issue of July 2: It is disconcerting to pedantic German professors when a writer, writing on German literature, and, what is worse, with a Munich byline, has a nervous umlaut. There is no umlaut on the first "a" in the very common German phrase "gesammelte Erzählungen."

E. W. Rollins, Jr.

DeLand, Fla.

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Killers with a Cause

Vladimir Dedijer—an implicit warning to behind-the-times rulers.

The Road to Sarajevo, *by Vladimir Dedijer (Simon & Schuster. 550 pp. $11.95), investigates in detail the background to the assassination of Austria-Hungary's heir-apparent in 1914. Harry Hansen, who has been literary editor of two New York newspapers, was a correspondent in Europe during World War I.*

By HARRY HANSEN

HERE is one of the great international detective stories: the assassination of the Austrian Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his wife by Bosnian youths on June 28, 1914. It is a story of a crime, a chronicle of diplomatic intrigue, and implicitly a warning to rulers who do not march with the times.

Vladimir Dedijer is an educator and historian in Yugoslavia, and there is nothing in his account that will generate official disapproval. He enrolls the assassins in the ranks of heroes who fought for a good cause with the wrong methods. He describes them as "primitive rebels, and unable to adapt themselves to the modern ideologies of mass movements against systems of oppression." He likens their secret terrorist societies to those among oppressed peoples elsewhere, *e.g.*, in Ireland and India. Their experiences were in his view similar to the processes of self-determination going on today in many economically underdeveloped parts of the world.

Five of the principal assassins were under twenty: Princip was nineteen and Cabrinovic nineteen years and six months. Only these two had nerve enough to attack; the others faltered at the crucial moment. Cabrinovic had been considered unstable, but when the feathers in the Archduke's hat came into his vision he tossed his grenade. It exploded under the following car and wounded a number of people. Cabrinovic raced down the river's bank and swallowed cyanide; it failed to work, and he was caught. Princip, who waited for the return of the motor cars, had a perfect target when the Archduke's car halted in front of him; he took aim but looked aside as he fired, so that his second shot missed Governor Potiorek and hit the Duchess. He tried to shoot himself, was stopped, and took cyanide; again it failed to work.

Dr. Dedijer describes the background of these youths and their belief that they were ridding the earth of a tyrant. At the trial they proclaimed their adherence to the principle of national independence, and defended the assassination as the predecessor of revolution. Eighteen-year-old Grabez called it "the greatest revolutionary act in history." But Dedijer calls it "one of the most amateurish regicides of modern times."

Gavrilo Princip was an extraordinary character. His firmness, his readiness to carry out his mission, his calm acceptance of consequences make him a figure of tragedy. In prison (under Austrian law he was too young to hang) his physical sufferings multiplied: he developed tuberculosis of the bone and one arm had to be amputated. He died of his ailments, bad food, and inadequate medical attention. The Austrian police exhibited several of the conspirators' heads and used one skull as an inkpot; they made a request for the head of Princip, but this was denied.

Dr. Dedijer investigates thoroughly the various legends that have been circulated about the origin of the conspiracy. This leads him to the remarkable chief of intelligence of the Serbian General Staff, Dragutin Dimitrijevic, generally known as Colonel Apis, a perfect example of the patriotic villain. He had led the attack on the royal palace on June 12, 1903, when the King and Queen were butchered by methods as foul as any in Shakespearean tragedy. He headed the Union or Death Society —Dr. Dedijer insists on calling it by its Serbian name, *Ujedinjenje ili Smrt*, throughout—and his object was a southern Slav federation, by violence if necessary. When the visit of Franz Ferdinand was announced all Bosnian youth was "in ferment," and Colonel Apis favored the conspiracy. But the board of Union or Death voted against it, and it is believed that at the eleventh hour Apis tried to stop the assassination, possibly through Danilo Ilic, who tried for ten days to get Princip to call it off.

The true extent of Apis's involvement has long been a matter of dispute among historians. R. W. Seton-Watson, who denied the complicity of the Serbian government and believed the initiative came from Bosnia, thought Apis acted solely as an individual. The most thorough of the investigators, Luigi Albertini, who, like Dedijer, interviewed survivors, believed Apis culpable but failed to locate the so-called confession which Apis made to the court at Salonika in April 1917, when he was being tried on the false charge of having conspired to kill the Regent Alexander. Dr. Dedijer quotes the confession. Apis told the court he had engaged his agent, Malobabic, to organize the Sarajevo assassination, and that he had been assured by Artamonov, the Russian attaché, that Russia would not leave Serbia unprotected in the event Austria attacked. He said Malobabic had executed his order; the accomplices were in Apis's service and had received money provided by Artamonov.

This extraordinary statement was designed to make Apis seem a patriot in the eyes of Alexander, but it failed its purpose; Alexander, determined to be rid of Apis, let him be executed. Dr. Dedijer found no evidence of Russian collusion, and he is inclined to believe Apis tried to stop the assassination.

The author has read many documents in the original. Though numerous mysteries remain, no one has done more to present the whole tangled Balkan-Habsburg-Hungarian-Slavic problem, or shown with such clarity how mass grievances become intensely personal, and how resentful individuals influence the fortunes of humankind.

In his final paragraphs Dr. Dedijer raises the Sarajevo assassins to the political Valhalla. With the reservation that one may deplore and disagree with the methods of Princip and his friends, he asserts that "as individuals, the men of Sarajevo—for patriotism, courage, and selflessness—belong securely among that lofty group which includes Sand and Orsini, Zasulich and Perovskaya, Connolly and Pearse." Lofty, indeed!

Valdimir Dedijer also says that his last pages were "written as the sun came up over the Charles River in Cambridge," where for over three centuries Harvard "has been a citadel of academic freedom, and with no less courage and dedication during the postwar ordeal of American liberty."

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Britannia Ruled the Skies

Eagle Day: The Battle of Britain, August 6-September 15, 1940, *by Richard Collier (Dutton. 316 pp. $5.95), uses interviews with surviving participants and witnesses to recreate England's "finest hour." Telford Taylor is the author of "Sword and Swastika," "Grand Inquest," and "The March of Conquest."*

By TELFORD TAYLOR

AFTER the fall of France in June 1940, Adolf Hitler hoped and half expected that Britain would sue for peace. Six weeks later, disappointed in these expectations, he ordered Hermann Goering to launch an all-out aerial offensive intended to bring the British to their knees before the end of the year. The assault was given the name *Adlerangriff*, and its opening day *Adlertag*, or "Eagle Day."

Richard Collier's book covers the crucial period of the ensuing battle. A journalist and novelist with ten titles to his credit, the author has utilized here the technique, perhaps most successfully exploited by Cornelius Ryan, which is the current vogue among historians of events that do not lie beyond the range of living memory. Extensive reliance on interviews with surviving participants in or witnesses to important or colorful episodes, and organization of the narrative as a series of related vignettes, are the hallmarks of what this reviewer has called the "revolving stage" school of historical writing.

Mr. Collier is not the first to have applied this technique to the Battle of Britain; in scope and structure his book closely resembles Alexander McKee's *Strike from the Sky: The Story of the Battle of Britain*, published in 1960. Fortunately, the two books overlap only partially in terms of specific content, and Mr. Collier has made a substantial contribution to the body of recorded knowledge of the Battle's course and conduct.

Eagle Day well exemplifies both the strengths and the weaknesses of its methodology. In the hands of a skillful writer —and Mr. Collier is one—the technique achieves an extraordinary vividness and a narrative depth which no account confined to the higher levels of command and statecraft can attain. Nor are the values perishable. An early example—A. Novikoff-Priboy's *Isushima*, published in 1937—gives that great battle of 1905 an immediacy which no account of Jutland conveys, and makes the historian yearn for a similar record of, say, Trafalgar or Tannenberg.

But if the method is highly suitable for the what and where of history, it is sadly insufficient for how and why. Why was there a Battle of Britain? Why did Hitler and Goering decide to launch the *Adlerangriff*, and how did they gauge its prospects? Neither Mr. Collier's book nor any other yet written adequately touches these basic questions, highly relevant as they are to an assessment of the importance of the Battle of Britain in the stream of history.

Aerial and naval battles are evanescent in a way that obscures their true importance. Man can build monuments where Washington crossed the Delaware, or where Pickett charged at Gettysburg; but the air and sea are unstable elements. Futhermore, the casualties among sailors and airmen are bound to be insignificant compared to those of the soldiers. Only 515 British fighter pilots lost their lives during the Battle of Britain. Less than 9,000 British and German sailors perished at Jutland—a mere drop in the blood-bucket compared to the mortality on the Marne or among the Masurian lakes, to say nothing of the slaughter at Verdun or Passchendaele.

Yet these last two battles were stalemates and of no great strategic significance, while the Battle of Britain may justly bear comparison to Jutland or the Marne. Had the Luftwaffe succeeded in destroying Fighter Command, or driving it from the skies, all of England would have been laid open to sustained aerial bombardment, and her southern coasts made vulnerable to invasion from the sea. Contrary to popular belief, the Royal Air Force did not defeat the Luftwaffe in the Battle of Britain; but the tactical stalemate was, for the British, a strategic victory, just as Jutland was in 1916. Arguably the Battle of Britain was the more decisive of the two, for when Goering's forces failed to establish air superiority, Hitler had no other way to deal Britain a direct and major blow. Thus he was forced to the peripheral strategy that led him to the Mediterranean, the Balkans, and finally Russia—to a long war for which Germany was unprepared, which transcended her resources, and which she was bound to lose.

So Churchill's deathless tribute to the "Few" was well deserved. But it was the Germans who launched and shaped the Battle, and it is only fitting that their heroes and commanders—Fink, Galland, Osterkamp, and others—share these gripping pages with Dowding, Park, Bader, and their colleagues and comrades who defended Britain in her "finest hour."

"A quarter and I'll worship the ground you walk on."

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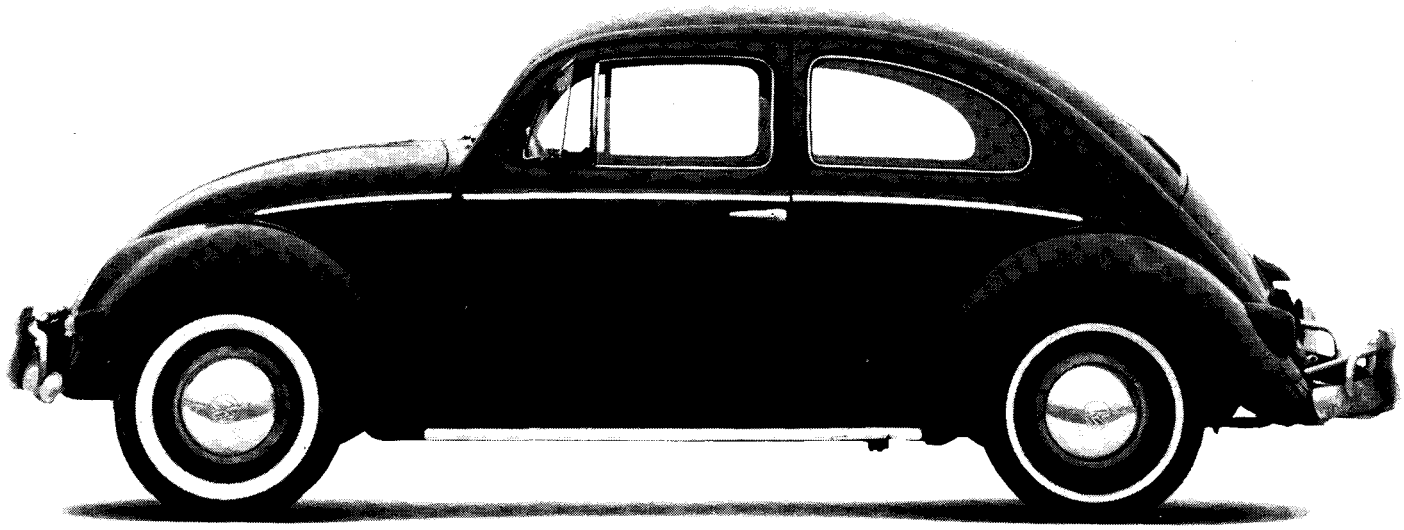
The most economical thing about a VW is how long it's economical.



This VW went 67,000 miles. And back.

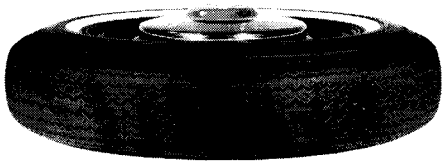
Unless you've been marooned on a desert island, you probably know the Volkswagen has quite a reputation for being cheap to run.

As a matter of fact, a lot of VW owners have turned into crashing bores by talking endlessly about it.

It may be boring, but it's true.

Almost everyone gets about 29 miles to a gallon of regular gas. (Some get a bit more or a bit less depending on where and how they drive.)

It doesn't take much oil to keep a Volkswagen going. And tires that go 40,000 miles per set is no special news. (They're built to carry almost twice the weight of the car.)



The secret of more tire wear: more tire.

There aren't a lot of repairs and adjustments to put up with, either.

Parts don't cost a fortune because so many of them are interchangeable from one year to the next.

And license plates and insurance generally cost less than for other cars.

All in all, a Volkswagen can save you a good $200 a year.

Not bad.

But the thing that really sets the VW apart from other cars is its low depreciation.

The difference is staggering.

The fact is, domestic cars depreciate 2 times as fast as a Volkswagen in only one year.

A one-year-old VW that cost about $1,700* now is actually worth more than many year-old domestic cars that originally cost $2,100.

Stick around; it gets worse.

A 5-year-old Volkswagen could be sold for as much as $900 if it's in reasonably good shape.

But that 5-year-old $2,100 car is now worth maybe $400-$500. Maybe.

So it doesn't take an Einstein to figure out what an ugly hole depreciation can put in your pocket.

Unless you buy a Volkswagen.

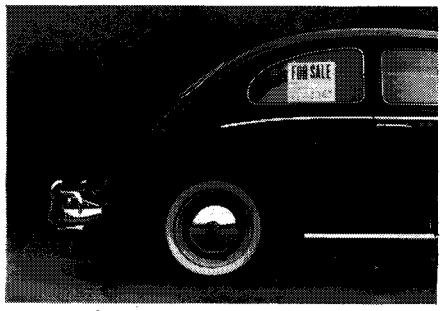
And one Volkswagen may be the only one you'll ever have to buy.

Say you buy a 1966 VW for $1,700.*

And say you save that $200 on running it every year and put it in the bank.

In 5 years or so, you can take that car (if it's in reasonable shape) together with the money you've saved to your local friendly Volkswagen dealer.

Chances are you can drive out with a brand-new VW and not have to add a dime.



One of the nice things about owning it is selling it.

If you don't like that idea, there's another alternative.

Buy a '66 VW and just drive it.

No one will stop you from keeping the same VW for as long as you like. (No one will know the difference anyway; we never change the way it looks.)

So you can just go on saving all that nice money year after year and get rich at our expense.

Maybe the VW really can't make a poor man rich.

But neither can it make a rich man poor.

*Depending on accessories, local taxes and delivery charges.

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ANNOUNCING *SR's* FOURTEENTH ANNUAL

World Travel Photo Contest

TWO GRAND PRIZES

for color winner: **A TRIP TO NEW DELHI**

for black-and-white winner: **A TRIP TO MADRID**

PLUS 18 ADDITIONAL CASH PRIZES

Award-winning photographs will again be featured in Saturday Review's annual World Travel Calendar issue. This issue, appearing January 7, 1967, will report forthcoming events of major importance to tourists during the coming year in fifty countries.

The Calendar issue will be fully illustrated by the World Travel Awards photographs. One of the prize winners will be reproduced on the cover of the January 7th issue.

The winning pictures will be chosen by the following judges, all distinguished in the field of photography:

Ivan Dmitri—Leading color and magazine photographer, Director, *Photography in the Fine Arts.*

Leopold Godowsky—Co-inventor of Kodachrome.

Norman Cousins, Editor, *Saturday Review.*

Norris Harkness—Past President, Photographic Society of America, syndicated columnist on photography.

Margaret R. Weiss, Photography Editor, *Saturday Review.*

The important thing is to read the complete rules below, and start sending in your entries now.

Deadline for entries is October 1, 1966.

SR's 1965 PHOTO CONTEST WINNERS

Arthur J. Heiser, of Hypoluxo Island, Fla., retired manufacturer and part-time travel lecturer, 1965 winner of the Grand Prize for color. Mr. Heiser won a round-trip to London for his picture of a religious pilgrim in Benares, India.

Gaylord A. Morrison, of Cleveland, Ohio, is a service representative for a manufacturer of textile machinery. He won the 1965 Grand Prize for black-and-white, and a trip to Hawaii, for his study of a market scene in Taxco, Mexico.

Saturday Review

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Should the Grand Prize winners prefer some other trip than the ones outlined above, the equivalent for one or two persons can be arranged on request.

Contest Rules

1. The contest is strictly for amateur photographers. Anyone is eligible except employees of SATURDAY REVIEW and the McCALL CORP., members of their families, and individuals who personally, or any members of whose families, are engaged in the manufacture, sale, commercial finishing, or professional use of photographic goods.

2. Pictures must have been taken after May 30, 1965, in a locale visited on a vacation or business trip away from home.

3. **Black-and-white photographs**

a. Prints must be submitted in glossy prints 8 x 10 unmounted.

b. On the back of the photograph must appear: name and address of photographer; make of camera and film used in taking the picture; date and place it was shot.

c. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No composite pictures such as multiple printing or montages are eligible. No art-work or retouching on prints or negatives from which they are made is permitted.

d. No negatives should be submitted.

e. **NO BLACK-AND-WHITE PRINTS WILL BE RETURNED.**

4. **Color photographs**

a. Color pictures may be submitted as either transparency *or* print. Do not submit a transparency and print of the same picture.

b. Transparencies must be originals and must be mounted in cardboard only.

c. Color prints must be no larger than 8 x 10 and unmounted.

d. Stereos are eligible. Only one transparency need be sent.

e. The same data must be given as specified above for black-and-white prints and must be written on the mount of each transparency or on the back of each print.

f. Transparencies and color prints will be returned to entrant only if accompanied by return postage: a minimum of 10 cents.

5. SATURDAY REVIEW assumes no responsibility for negatives, prints or transparencies, but reserves the right to publish within its own pages as part of the Awards competition any pictures submitted, whether winners or not.

6. To enter the contest, mail no more than two black-and-white pictures, or two color pictures, or one black-and-white and one color picture but in no case submit more than two pictures to this magazine's WORLD TRAVEL PHOTOGRAPH CONTEST DEPARTMENT. All entries must be postmarked no later than October 1, 1966, to be eligible for judging.

IMPORTANT: NO MORE THAN TWO PICTURES CAN BE SUBMITTED BY ANY ONE ENTRANT.

7. Pictures will be judged on photographic quality and originality in choice and treatment of subject. The decision of the judges will be final.

8. Before receiving a final prize, the entrant must sign a statement that his picture, or any closely similar picture of the same subject or situation, has not been and will not be entered by him in any photographic contest other than the one conducted by this magazine without permission of SATURDAY REVIEW, and has not been and will not be offered for publication in any manner prior to January 7, 1967. SATURDAY REVIEW retains first publication rights on winning pictures.

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Born Between East and West

For Spacious Skies: *Journey in Dialogue by Pearl S. Buck with Theodore F. Harris (John Day. 221 pp. $4.95), describes the foundation set up by the authors to help the destitute, illegitimate children of American GIs born to Asian mothers since the Korean War. Mary Macmillan, an executive of CARE, the international relief organization, was a supply officer in the Displaced Persons program of United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Organization in Germany at World War II's end. She has also served in CARE missions abroad.*

By MARY MACMILLAN

OF THE 800 million children in the developing nations, a high percentage are in dire straits. Even though most of them live with their families and many are cared for in orphanages, their needs are endless; their parents cannot supply even the most basic wants. The United States Government and the social welfare organizations serving overseas do help, largely through school lunches, an important part of the Food for Peace programs. In addition to the humane desire of a compassionate people to feed a hungry child there is another reason for our aid. These are tomorrow's adults, and it is to our advantage to have them grow into healthy, informed people with whom our new generation will be able to build a more peaceful world.

Little is heard about a group of these children, sadder by far than most of the others; these are the offspring of Asian mothers and American G.I. fathers. Pearl Buck first became aware of them in Korea when a begging child put out his hand for a penny and she looked "not into a Korean face but into the eyes of a child unmistakably American." She saw more of them later in Japan and heard from others of the large numbers in Okinawa and now, of course, in Vietnam.

Their plight is even more pathetic than that of children born in the West under similar circumstances. Deserted by their fathers, rejected by their mothers and by society, they are easily identifiable as half-American, half-Asian—or Amerasians, as Mrs. Buck calls them. They wander the streets and haunt American military camps, begging. Even in orphanages—"sad-faced, lonely children, always standing apart"—they are scorned by adults, who segregate them from all-Asian children.

Although Mrs. Buck believes there are some 200,000 Amerasian children, it is extremely difficult to estimate the exact number, for the statistics in cases of this sort always tend to be lower than the actual number. This is so because many of the births are neither attended nor registered. With American troops stationed throughout Asia, the number is bound to increase. Half of these children die before they reach the age of five, but those who do survive are "superb," Mrs. Buck writes. "The racial mixture produces a child superior to both sides of his ancestry." Their needs are the central concern of her book.

Something had to be done to rescue these Amerasian children and give them a chance to be part of the society in which they were born and must live. It is not surprising that Mrs. Buck, who was born in the United States but lived for so many years in Asia, should be the one to champion the cause of these unfortunate children. Her answer was to set up a charitable foundation. How she found a young man to head it is told in the dialogue between her and Theodore F. Harris, now the president and executive director of the Pearl S. Buck Foundation. In its warm and intimate account of her life from childhood in China to the present, *For Spacious Skies* reveals a great deal about Pearl S. Buck herself—her shyness, her curiosity, her dedication to the goals she sets out to reach, her courage in the face of grave difficulties, and her marvelous spirit of adventure. The reader also gets an insight into the forces that made Mrs. Buck the remarkable woman she is.

Her first meeting with Mr. Harris, the young teacher who was chosen by his studio to give Mrs. Buck her first ballroom dancing lesson, is related in detail. As the sessions continued she carefully assessed her teacher, observed his talent for organization and leadership, and finally chose him as her collaborator in setting up and running the foundation. He went to work immediately. Through dance studios and other groups across the country he arranged balls, cocktail parties, and lectures. Mrs. Buck appeared at all of these, explained the foundation's aims, and raised funds. Their journey from coast to coast in search of money for their cause makes interesting reading.

WHAT motivates this woman, Pulitzer Prize and Nobel Award winner, who on June 26th turned seventy-four, to take on this burden of seeking care for thousands of neglected children? The clues are here. She has always loved and enjoyed children. She charms them and she is charmed by them. In *The Child Who Never Grew* she wrote so appealingly about her own retarded daughter that today a retarded child is no longer considered a reflection on its parents or a subject for hushed whispers. Over the years she has also adopted and raised nine children of mixed race. Fifteen years ago she set up an adoption agency, Welcome House, Inc., which found good homes in the United States for many Amerasian children, most of them born to Korean mothers and American fathers.

The Pearl S. Buck Foundation does not propose to bring more of these Amerasians to the States. There are simply too many of them. The plan is to have them cared for in their own environment. There is no intention either to set up orphanages. Instead, the foundation will help the mothers take care of their children at home. The goal is to help the child "be a blessing to the land of his Asian mother, a pride to the land of his American father."

Mrs. Buck's appeal to Americans to recognize their responsibility to these half-American children is compelling. She is devoting her life to them. Others with a conscience will join her.

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An American View of the Orient

Love and Hate in China, *by Hans Koningsberger (McGraw-Hill. 150 pp. $3.95), presents "a close-up look at China through effectively American eyes." David Dodge, author of "The Poor Man's Guide to the Orient," is currently at work on a novel with a Cantonese setting.*

By DAVID DODGE

EARLY in his book Hans Koningsberger says, "The American public's idea of China is at least as wrong as the Chinese image of America."

The statement is debatable. China's image of America has been and is being deliberately sharpened and distorted from day to day by effective propaganda and indoctrination imposed upon its people from above, whereas our own picture of China—"Red" China, that is—is a dim one growing dimmer as time passes without news, reliable or unreliable, from the Chinese front. Lacking a single newspaperman of our own on the job in a land of some 700 million people, and without the privilege of entering the country to look it over for ourselves, we in the United States are obliged to rely for information about China on reports like Mr. Koningsberger's.

He is a Dutch citizen who lives in New York but travels on a Dutch passport. He thinks and writes and reacts like an American, which is good. He is a novelist rather than a reporter, which is less good. The situation obliges his publisher to disclaim the objectivity of his writing in a gorgeous jacket blurb for "a very personal experience told in a highly lyrical style" that "captures through intuition a temper and a trend that objective measurement could never assess."

Mr. Koningsberger himself contends, or has been persuaded to assert, that *Love and Hate in China* is "not a book of interviews and statistics, nor a travelogue; it is a novelist's description of the moods and the atmosphere of the towns, the countryside, and the men and women walking along the roads and streets of China." In the face of this promise, the book is full of statistics about food rationing, rice production, restaurant prices, clothing costs, earning power, taxi fares, train travel, truck manufacture, peasant landholdings, and other matters. And it is a travelogue, in just the sense that Mr. Koningsberger says it is not. It is a Westerner's account of a trip he made, alone and without command of the language of the country in which he traveled, from Peking to Canton and Hong Kong by way of Nanking, Shanghai, and Hangchow, among the limited number of Chinese cities open to foreigners today. It is about as lyrical in style as Russo-Chinese architecture. I found it wholly absorbing for what it purports not to be but is: a close-up look at China today through effectively American eyes. And in spite of any lack of "objective measurement" from which those eyes may have suffered.

The question implicit in the book's title, and posed explicitly in its text, is: Do the Chinese hate America? The answer, in Mr. Koningsberger's opinion, is contained in another, rhetorical, question he puts: ". . . can anyone in the West fathom how hated foreigners really were [in pre-Communist days], all of us, the sweet missionary and the understanding Pearl Buck-type writer, and how hated we still are—and not the least by those Chinese who need us (always an unforgivable relationship), from the Hong Kong Hilton busboys to Chiang Kai-shek?" This one begs for the obvious answer: No. Nobody in the West can evaluate the collective emotions of three-quarters of a billion Chinese, least of all an observer who does not speak their language, who traveled among them without an interpreter, and who by his own report was cordially welcomed about as often as he was poorly received.

BUT Mr. Koningsberger is entitled to an opinion. He was there, he communicated with some of them at least, he formed his own views from his own observations and experiences. It's more than most of us are permitted to do.

To commemorate the 100th Birthday of the creator of Peter Rabbit Frederick Warne on July 28th will publish

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Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

FOOL'S PARADISE

Lorraine Reitano of Hammonton, N. J., gives you a triple choice of words for each of these Biblical quotations. Check your wisdom on page 60.

1. A fool's _____ is his destruction. *(weakness, mouth, greed)*
2. A fool uttereth all his _____. *(plans, thoughts, mind)*
3. The way of a fool is right in his own _____. *(dreams, eyes, heart)*
4. Fools make a mock at _____. *(sin, danger, honour)*
5. Answer a fool according to his _____. *(fate, madness, folly)*
6. It is an honour for a man to cease from strife: but every fool will be _____. *(reproaching, meddling, continuing)*
7. Even a fool, when he holdeth his _____, is counted wise. *(temper, counsel, peace)*
8. He that _____ in his own heart is a fool. *(feareth, trusteth, counteth)*
9. The fool hath said in his heart, "There is no _____." *(Lord, God, Creator)*
10. And how dieth the _____ man? as the fool. *(wise, humble, good)*
11. For as the crackling of thorns under a pot, so is the _____ of the fool. *(flattery, laughter, talk)*
12. The wise man's eyes are in his head; but the fool walketh in _____. *(despair, doubt, darkness)*

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Bitter Memories and Cautious Hopes

—*Horace Bristol.*

Hirohito in Hiroshima: "There appears to have been considerable damage here!"

Postscript from Hiroshima, *by Rafael Steinberg (Random House. 119 pp. $3.95), delineates the burgeoning new city that has arisen from the ashes of the bomb. Horace Bristol is a professional photographer who has lived in Japan since May 1946.*

By HORACE BRISTOL

THE EMPEROR of Japan's first visit to bombed Hiroshima in mid-1946 coincided, but not by mere coincidence, with that of a group of foreign correspondents, of which I was one. We were in fact invited to cover His Imperial Highness's first official tour of inspection outside the confines of his Tokyo palace after the war. It was a momentous occasion, both historically and personally, for never before (or afterward) were foreign newsmen permitted literally to rub elbows with the former Son of Heaven, who had only recently renounced his divinity. Also, it was an unprecedented opportunity to hear from his own lips the reaction of one of the major participants to the biggest single story of World War II, if not of all time.

Standing in the small area cleared of rubble atop the blackened skeleton of one of the few remaining buildings in what had once been the center of downtown Hiroshima, a drawn-faced Hirohito gazed out over the twisted wreckage of a city that had been utterly flattened in one millisecond by a hitherto unknown and mysterious force. Obviously shaken, he turned to his guide and waiting correspondents with the observation, the understatement of this or any year, translated to us as, "There appears to have been considerable damage here!"

However inadequate this may sound, what could he have said that would have done justice to the disaster that floated lazily down from the Enola Gay on August 6, 1945?

Twenty years later Rafael Steinberg, with the benefit of two decades of explicit and detailed knowledge, millions of words written on every aspect of the subject, plus personal research in Hiroshima and the rest of Japan, arrives at fundamentally the same conclusion; and it is still an understatement. Words can never express the full tragedy of Hiroshima.

Whether the "damage" in the city by the Inland Sea was to the bodies, minds, and property of those who experienced the bomb or to the world conscience is a question each reader must answer for himself, within himself.

Ably written and documented by interviews with a cross-section of present-day Hiroshima residents, most but not all of them survivors of the blast, *Postscript from Hiroshima* is just what its title claims. Not that it pretends to be the last word, since it gives no answers to the questions each of us over forty must ask ourselves; its very inconclusiveness forces the reader to search his own heart. It is not a tract for or against anything, but a straightforward, journalistic coverage of a story that has too often been twisted and distorted to suit the political or other prejudices of the writer. The horrendous wounds, both physical and psychic, that still torture the minds and bodies of Hiroshima's aging war generation are given their due, but no more. In general, a spirit of progressive optimism permeates the book, although it is certainly no attempt to hide the scars most of us would prefer to forget.

Postscript describes a burgeoning new Hiroshima, both physically and spiritually reborn, a city that is proud to have risen literally from the ashes of the bomb. Whether that city of neon lights and flashy automobiles—and bitter memories—is a better or worse place to live in is left to the reader to decide. It does appear to be a more dynamic and prosperous one, and if there is a slight taint of commercial as well as political exploitation of its tragic memories, the opposite side of the coin may be seen in the stark picture of those maimed and deformed relics who hide their crippled bodies in the back alleys and private retreats of the city.

Rafael Steinberg, who is well qualified to interpret the Japanese mind both by his experience as a journalist and his intimate personal contacts with many aspects of Japanese life, may not make new converts to any of the conflicting causes that are competing for exclusive right to "the tragedy of Hiroshima" as their trademark, both inside and outside Japan. However, while *Postscript from Hiroshima* won't assuage ultrasensitive American consciences, neither does it add too much to the sense of guilt.

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A Finite Forgiveness

***491**, by Lars Görling, translated from the Swedish by Anselm Hollo (Grove. 282 pp. $6), presents some Scandinavian juvenile delinquents in a "parable nightmare" of evil and forgiveness. Gertrude Samuels, a New York Times Magazine staff writer, has frequently covered delinquency here and abroad.*

By GERTRUDE SAMUELS

THE TITLE of this book derives from Matthew 18:21-25:

> Then came Peter to Him, and said, Lord, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him? till seven times? Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times: but, Until seventy times seven.

The 491st sin is presumably the unforgivable one. Lars Görling, a thirty-five-year-old writer and film director and a dutiful detractor of mankind, throws into his nightmare of a novel more than one unforgivable sin. Even so, that documented in the last few pages is sufficient.

The contemporary writer who has a nightmare and a disgust with man to record has the problem of drawing in the reader with an insight and artistry that will hold him. The problem becomes acute when practically every one of his characters is a symbol of unrelieved knavery or savagery. The art of telling is present in *491*, effectively evoking curiosity about men and boys so depraved. But when do the evil-doers start their own forgiving, start to become liberated and creative? One reads on, hoping for answers to questions. But the lens is cloudy.

This parable nightmare, first published in Sweden in 1962 and translated into English by Anselm Hollo, concerns the experiences of one Krister, a twenty-three-year-old Christ-figure who is an assistant supervisor of a rehabilitation project for adolescent youths. A brooding, fumbling idealist, Krister forgives and forgives his charges, "tail between his legs: he didn't want to hear, didn't want to get involved in any way." As a result, he is constantly at the mercy of some of the most hardened delinquents in literature, seven little beasts aged fifteen to seventeen who have been taken off the street or assigned to the experiment by the Criminal Court, and whom Krister is expected to help develop socially acceptable attitudes.

Krister remains a shadowy, symbolic figure, given to sermonish rationalizations about life and good and evil. Not so the boys. These are bottom-of-the-barrel gangsters and psychotics. Inside the permissive hostel or out on the town, they commit fiendish and dehumanizing acts. The narrator, Nils Nisse, who rejects Krister's love, is the most sadistic of the lot, for he at least has a mind.

Periodically, the boys switch from leaders to led in their criminal and sexual expeditions. At loose ends most of the time (curiously enough, considering that they are "in treatment"), they continue their thieving ways, try to set up a black market in liquor, watch the perversions of the young prostitute Steva, cynically submit to homosexual acts, witness rape scenes—always scheming to destroy the only real friend they have, the forgiving Krister.

The wild and stupid Genghis alone attracts some sympathy. He suffers from his fears, invites blows, is led by the others into murderous acts. That Krister, who never gets angry, is foredoomed to die wretchedly becomes clear in the early pages. He does manage to say, slowly and quietly, that he dreams "sometimes, about a kind of Judgment Day: not that anyone should be judged, only that all would suddenly see."

These boys, despite their leadership potential, are never helped to see. Thus their brainless sadism is unconvincing. The comparison with William Golding's children in *Lord of the Flies* is inevitable. But the latter could feel compassion and weep for the end of innocence. Görling's one-dimensional delinquents are given no such saving grace. Man is evil; forgiveness is stupid.

491 and a ninety-minute film based on it have stirred controversy in Sweden. The film has been heavily censored in Germany and Japan, and in this country it was seized by Customs as obscene matter. The furor extends to the novel. But the basic problem is not the alleged pornography or the use of four-letter words; it is the focus, or . . . its lack.

At the conclusion of the novel the outlook is simply more of the same man-is-evil depravity, with no liberating of the human spirit in sight as the result of Krister's sacrifice. Thus the parable fails. Instead of holding some hope for the future, one can only feel immense relief that at last the narrator "got what was coming to [him], for everything."

Love on a Long Shot

***It Only Hurts a Minute**, by Don M. Mankiewicz (Putnam. 312 pp. $5.95), deals with some compulsive gamblers in a loveless world. Jay Bail is a free-lance writer and critic.*

By JAY BAIL

DON MANKIEWICZ's first novel, *See How They Run*, was published fifteen years ago to a great deal of critical acclaim. It dealt with the futile efforts of three men—the general manager, the trainer, and the jockey—to win a horse race in spite of the owner's decision to lose it. The characters were drawn in a brutal, highly realistic manner, showing how each reacts to honesty and then betrayal. Sam Gleason, the trainer, sums up their hopes when he notes, "They say there's honor among thieves. There can be honor among the rest of us, too."

It is this search not only for honor among others but for truth with oneself that motivates Lew White in Mr. Mankiewicz's present novel, *It Only Hurts a Minute*. The sole truth Lew knows is that he is a compulsive gambler who will sacrifice anything to bet on horses, dice, or cards. He wants the kind of "love that helps when help is possible, and shuts up the rest of the time," but he is also aware, in his own way, that this is hardly love. Kathy, a chip girl in the club where he works, tries to get him to quit playing for the house and to accept a position as sales manager with a new company. He is only remotely interested. A girl named Lisa shows how easy it is to get into her car and simply drive away into a series of jungle days.

We are here in a loveless world where men and women are devoted to themselves, where the safest and simplest sex is what is bought and paid for. The perpetual scene is a race track where winning on a long shot is ace and outconning a con man is king.

There is Lisa, who gambles because it breaks people up into winners and losers. There is Billie, a stable girl who will sleep with anyone who furnishes the stable. There is Andy, willing to do anything for anybody as long as it results in a winner. And there is a horse race

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ending in an unfair disqualification, making Lew twenty thousand dollars richer.

But most of all there are Lew and Lisa. We are shown their relationship in impersonal progressions, from not caring for one another but living comfortably together, to the realization that Lew is no longer a winner. The jungle days collapse in a period of unconsciousness and a final realization that there are no answers. In the end, nothing is certain. The worst is over but at the same time it has not yet begun.

Mr. Mankiewicz is an exceedingly skilled writer. Whether he is showing us the inside of Lew's doubts or the almost precise mathematical deductions of gambling, he is more than convincing. His dialogue is crisp and reveals just enough and no more of the characteristics of the various people. And he is constantly rejecting the obvious cliché and making a point while doing it:

> Someday I am going to make a list of those simple phrases that people — schoolteachers, mostly—are always repeating, and that sound true because they are said so often, though they are actually just plain nonsense. No harm in trying. Better late than never. It's just as easy to do it right. Where there's smoke, there's fire. Honesty is the best possibility.

Mr. Mankiewicz's world is filled with a quiet violence, whether it is Sam Gleason wiping his muddy hands on someone's suit or Lew White trying not to become involved with people. It is a place where men are breaking out of their molds and then finding they have nowhere to go.

Crackup on the Beach: Anthony Masters, who at twenty-four has already published a successful set of short stories in England, has now produced a first novel, *The Seahorse* (Atheneum, $5.75), about disturbed young boys and their equally disturbed middle-aged teachers in a progressive seaside private school. The protagonist, Paul, is dragged from the ocean in the opening pages, and throughout the book it swashes everywhere. In fact, everybody is at sea, especially Casey, a pathetic eleven-year-old abandoned by his father, who relies on an imaginary seahorse to champion him against the world.

It's an unpleasant world. Paul, a deeply self-absorbed and destructive man whose only child has died in a drunken-driving accident involving himself and his estranged wife, Meg, now loves young Casey in an obsessive and ambiguous manner. Storm, the school's dedicated but troubled headmaster, also loves Casey, and desires Meg, and fears the growing madness of his spinster sister, Lettie, who obsessively and ambiguously loves *him*. Parallel nastinesses crop up on the schoolboy level: persecutions and sadisms and incests and homosexualities abound among these unhappy pupils. Still nastier versions of the struggle to survive are contemplated on the seashore itself, where trapped crabs and imprisoned seabirds devour one another or die. The novel concludes with a catastrophic wreckage of hopes on all levels.

Anthony Masters has evidently read L. P. Hartley, Richard Hughes, and William Golding, to his profit; yet for a book making implicit claims to psychological subtlety *The Seahorse* is often quite insensitively written. And occasional gobbets of "fine writing" do nothing to dispel a general impression of externality, intensities aimed at but not realized, a muffling uncertainty of tone. Here is the author on Casey's fantasy life: "Amidst hard fact he wove skeins of illusion that ousted the material world, making its sterility of hard-won mediocrity ridiculous."

Paul and company are in the end simply not interesting enough—a bleak and surprisingly dull set. In this progressive school the staff-room discussion of problem children is on a Stone Age plane of awareness. Equally primitive are the violent personal confrontations. People bellow at one another, hit each other; but few insights emerge, either for them or (worse) for us. The adults don't seem adult, nor is the author's vision of them very profound. Perhaps that is why he is at his energetic best with the children, especially in the final scenes, where his aims seem less pretentious, his storytelling talents have full play, and some chilling effects are achieved.

—Bernard McCabe.

"Though I find you very personable, Sylvester, I regret you're not suitable to my particular needs at the present time. I do, however, appreciate your interest and thank you for giving me an opportunity to consider you."

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Death of a Bird

By ALICE DALGLIESH

THERE is a handsome book lying on my desk—*The Hunt for the Whooping Cranes: A Natural History Detective Story*, by J. J. McCoy (Lothrop. 224 pp. $4.95). A *Herald Tribune* honor book, it has maps and drawings by Rey Abruzzi and some really beautiful photographs. It was the preface by Carl W. Buchheister, president of the National Audubon Society, that first held my interest:

> In April of 1933, the last heath hen in the world died on Martha's Vineyard. . . . The bird could not have known that his death was the death of his kind, but men knew, and the people of Martha's Vineyard paused to consider what had happened in their midst. A creature that had been enormously abundant only a few hundred years before had been destroyed . . . its numbers reduced in an incredibly short space of time until there were too few to survive. Millions of years of evolution . . . had gone into the heath hen's making. Mankind could not create, or even re-create, this form of life. Men could only destroy.

Henry Beetle Hough, editor of the Edgartown newspaper *The Vineyard Gazette*, wrote: "There is no survivor, there is no future, there is no life to be created in this form again. We are looking upon the uttermost finality which can be written. . . . We are in touch with the reality of extinction."

It is not too often that mankind stops to think about a dead bird, or about the many things that are making beauty in this world die a little every year. I caught my breath as I read the account and was glad that Mr. McCoy's impressive book tells a more cheerful story—man's effort to find the nesting ground of the whooping crane and to preserve the species.

A small thing? No. While it is only one small piece in the pattern of respect for life, for thoughtful readers it may be a key piece. Many of us have so little respect for life; children grow up with less and less of it. Life is a play on the television screen: "Bang! You're dead."

One hot Sunday afternoon I saw a baby of about eighteen months holding his father's hand and toddling across Riverside Drive. He wore only a diaper and a gun belt—two guns in the holsters. The *mores* of the country. Among recent books there is a story about a small Negro boy who wants a cowboy suit for his birthday, and gets it complete with guns. Pow! Pow! Pow! He shoots everywhere and everything, including the rugs on the balconies of the project where he lives. How he is cured of this (maybe) is hard to believe. We leave him taking care of the vegetable man's wagon and horse. The horse is nervous, doesn't like guns, so Martin keeps his guns in their holsters. "And once in a while, in the most quiet way, Big Cowboy Western would take out his guns and whisper, ever so softly, 'Pow, pow, pow!'" Although the story is perhaps not 100 per cent moral, children will enjoy Martin and his nice family in *Big Cowboy Western*, by Ann Herbert Scott, with pictures by Richard W. Lewis (Lothrop. 32 pp. $2.95).

This is harmless play and you can't stop it—except in school. Bird-shooting with pellets is another thing. Another thing, too, are the mail-order toys that children can get. My copy of *Consumers' Union Magazine* tells of a big bazooka that has been freely sold to children. It deafens them, injures the inner ear—that's all. The manufacturers say no more are on the market. Yet I saw a boy going to the park with one only yesterday. The laws that regulate the sale of guns, if we get them someday, should apply also to toy guns, shouldn't they? Or will prohibition work the way it usually does? Will guns become even more desirable, and will small boys crouch behind trees and walls, saying (very softly), "Pow! Pow! Pow!"? It's hard to know the answers. Children's books in general have been thoughtful in their use of guns—except for older children.

This month a letter about calabashes came from Hawaii. A calabash, the writer insists, doesn't grow on a tree (as I said), but is carved out of wood. It may be now, for the tourists, but calabashes were originally gourds and grew on trees or on vines. In Trinidad I had a calabash tree in my backyard. Perhaps there are none left in Hawaii. I consulted Marcia Brown, also the Oxford dictionary. Miss Brown says see *Arts and Crafts of Hawaii*, a standard reference book by Peter H. Buck, published by the Bishop Museum Press (1957).

—*From "The Hunt for the Whooping Cranes."*

The Tale of a Black Cat. *Adapted by Carl Withers. Illustrated by Alan Cober. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 32 pp.* $2.75. This crisp-looking little book in black and red is one of those "tell and draw" stories that children delight in. It is excellent for the four- and five-year-olds, and I've used it many times, but not in a book all its own. Ages 4-6.

First Delights: A Book About the Five Senses. *By Tasha Tudor. Platt & Munk. 32 pp.* $2.50. Tasha Tudor is a very popular artist, and this book will please dainty little girls, as well as their mothers, aunts, and godmothers, who would like children to be as sweet as this.

"Sally lives on a farm. As the seasons change from winter to spring, from summer to fall, she uses her five senses to see, hear, smell, touch and taste the things that happen in the year's turning."

That's how it goes; a little girl in suburbs or country will enjoy it. A slum child might think she'd wandered into a blonde heaven where the angels hear the robins sing, the brooks run, the frogs trill in the pond. But, if you want to tell her about the country, maybe this will give her some idea of it. Ages 4-5.

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Who Will Be Mine? *By Edith Thacher Hurd. Photographs by Georgia Longini. Golden Gate.* 42 *pp.* $3.25. This is a plot that is older than Methuselah: child wants pet, looks over possibilities, finds pet. You can write it in eight words. Edith Hurd wrote it in the easy, repetitive words small children enjoy. The little girl in the pictures is charming and unself-conscious; the animals are delightful. She decides against each animal in turn, until—why, of course, it's a dog. Ages 5 up. (4-6?)

The Fox Friend. *By Elizabeth Coatsworth. Pictures by John Hamberger. Macmillan.* 30 *pp.* $2.95. Perky, the fat little beagle, wants an animal friend, but most of the animals seem interested in their own affairs. At last a fox "red as a burning coal, and light as thistledown" comes by and stops to talk. It promises to be a friendship most unusual, but does it work out? On the last page Perky is still watching, waiting for the fox's return. Simply told and suitable for young children.

Randi Lives in Norway. *By Astrid Lindgren. Photographs by Anna Riwkin-Brick.* **Eli Lives in Israel.** *By Lea Goldberg. Photographs by Anna Riwkin-Brick. Macmillan.* 48 *pp. each.* $2.50 *each.* The pictures in these photographic books about small children in other lands have great charm; the stories vary in value. The two here seem particularly natural, and children will be attracted to both Randi and Eli. Although no age level is given, there is enough story to hold the interest of four- or five-year-olds. The photographs are beautifully reproduced in gravure.

The Little Fox in the Middle. *By Pearl S. Buck. Illustrated by Robert Jones. Collier.* 32 *pp.* $2.95. I hold no brief for fox hunting, which is not "sport." Here, however, is a book in which a small boy makes friends with the little fox that was the middle one in his family. The little fox discovers that he has found a family of "people who like foxes and would not cut off foxes' tails. Instead they gave foxes pieces of chicken." (How long could they keep it up?) It is a story children will enjoy if they don't belong to a fox-hunting family, and don't mind a rather sentimentalized approach. Ages 4-7.

The Rice-Cake Rabbit. *By Betty Jean Lifton. Illustrated by Eiichi Mitsui. Norton.* 48 *pp.* $2.75. Betty Jean Lifton has lived in Japan and has given us some unusual tales of that country. At a time when the moon features largely in our thoughts, it is interesting for American children to know that when Japanese children look at the moon, they do not see a man in the moon, but a rabbit making rice cakes. This is a good story based on that belief with clever pictures by a Japanese artist who shows some Western influence. Age level not given. (5-8?)

The American West. *By Leslie Waller. Illustrated by Ed Emberley. Holt, Rinehart & Winston.* 46 *pp.* $2.75. A book in the series called "A Book to Begin On," this is distinguished chiefly by the artist's humorous presentation of the subject. The text is a brief history of the settling of the West, which, if it had half the zip of the pictures, would be more worth reading. It is business-like, informative in a hasty way, and depends largely on the illustrations for interest. Ages 6-8.

—*From "Who Will Be Mine?"*

Palace in Bagdad. Seven Tales from Arabia. *By Jean Russell Larson. Illustrated by Marianne Yamaguchi. Scribners.* 95 *pp.* $3.50. These effective, well-told tales have all the Arabian trimmings — palaces and jewels, camels and carpets. My favorites were two amusing ones, *Fareedah's Carpet,* in which a mysterious camel weaves a carpet for a lazy girl, and gets the better of her; and *The Royal Geese,* in which a smart girl outwits a gaggle of undisciplined geese.

The bookmaking was not so successful. Attractive pictures in charcoal are obscured by poor reproduction, and the book is bound too tightly. Ages 8-12.

Private Beach. *By Richard Parker. Illustrated by Victor Ambrus. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* 184 *pp.* $3.50. As the jacket copy tells us, not many families are lucky enough to live at the edge of the sea and to have a private beach. The Langham children do, however, for the purposes of this story, and, like many children in English stories, they are on the watch for buried treasure. It turns out to be a buried ship, not Viking but pre-Viking, and in the meantime they have much fun playing on the beach, making a raft and so on. The children are well characterized, the dialogue lively, the setting attractive. Ages 9-12.

Miss Pickerell Goes on a Dig. *By Ellen MacGregor and Dora Pantell. Illustrated by Charles Geer. McGraw-Hill.* 126 *pp.* $2.75. The doughty Miss Pickerell has already been to the moon; now she claps on her hat and starts off for a refreshing glass of iced tea at Mr. Rugby's diner. (Mr. Rugby, who was formerly with the Astral Cafeteria on the moon, also made Moonburgers.) Here she meets Professor Tuttle, whose archeological expeditions she has followed on TV—and once more Miss Pickerell is off, just as a bulldozer is about to destroy an archeological site. Of course, she and the professor make discoveries. If there's not much meat in the book, it offers a few hours of good fun. Ages 8-12.

The Cardiff Giant. *By Gwen Kimball. Duell, Sloan & Pearce.* 150 *pp.* $3.50. I'm not sure if the Cardiff giant, one of the greatest hoaxes of all time, has previously appeared in a book of fiction but, anyway, here he is—and he makes a good story for summer days. The account is based on facts, and Nate Slull, the young protagonist, is the nephew of one of those who perpetuate the fraud. As the publishers say: "It is just plain good reading."

Captains of Industry. *By the editors of American Heritage. Narrative by Bernard A. Weisberger. Consultant, Alan B. Nevins. American Heritage. Distributed by Harper & Row.* 153 *pp.* $4.95. Here is another excellent book with good pictures in a valuable series that is so long one runs out of suitable remarks.

A Book of Children's Literature. *Selected and edited by Lillian Hollowell. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. Third edition.* 580 *pp.* $8.50. Slanted somewhat to school use, this anthology of selections from children's books is intended also for librarians, teachers, and parents. It is heavy, and more for reference at home than for casual reading. The third edition has a section of "Books for Early Childhood," with a few selections, among them the immortal *Pelle's New Suit* and *The Poppy Seed Cakes.* There is also a large selection of poetry for children. In the myth section Greek and Roman mythological characters are listed with name pronunciations.

The book has a clear, two-column type page, and its illustrations are, on the whole, well reproduced. I'm glad to see adequate credit given to Helen Sewell for her illustrations in *The Thanksgiving Story.* No one, in my estimation, has produced better pictures for the Pilgrim story. For adults and schools especially.

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Content in Another Country

Two Under the Indian Sun, *by Jon and Rumer Godden (Knopf-Viking. 240 pp. $5.50), evokes the early years of the novelists, who spent their childhood in Bengal. G. Parthasarathi, formerly chief professor of English at the University of Madras, broadcasts regularly on literary topics.*

By G. PARTHASARATHI

MOST writers and artists have realized the significance of childhood experiences. Some, like Wordsworth, speak of children "trailing clouds of glory as they come"; others, like Mark Twain, recall their early years in vivid detail. To the latter group we can now add the delightful *Two Under the Indian Sun*, written by two sisters, Jon and Rumer Godden. Each of them has several outstanding novels to her credit, but their joint autobiography will stand out as especially significant. It is an emotional and artistic collaboration born out of the common experience that linked them together so closely in childhood. The work is such a subtle fusion of two very different personalities that it is impossible to disentangle the thoughts of one from the other. It is as though one spirit permeates both.

Rumer and Jon were the two eldest of a family of four girls who spent their most impressionable years in India, because World War I made it a safer place than England. When Jon was seven and a half and Rumer six, they came to live on the bank of the Laka River where it met the mighty Brahmaputra in Bengal. They spent the next five years in the village of Narayangunj, where their father worked as an executive of a river shipping company. *Two Under the Indian Sun* is a remarkably sensitive evocation of these five years. It is based on reminiscence, but it is far more than an autobiography; for it tells not only what happened to these two young girls but pictures life around them, carrying the reader back over the decades, in delicately fluent prose, to a child's world of wonder.

Jon and Rumer, together with their sisters, Nancy and Rose, their parents, Mams and Fa, and their Aunt Mary, lived in a big house that stood in a big garden, and were waited upon by the traditional host of Indian servants. They were sensitive children, on whom the doings of an ordinary day could leave an indelible mark. Like all English children in India, they made good friends not of other Indian children but of their adult Indian servants, who adored them. As they rightly perceive, "Children in India are greatly loved and indulged and we never felt that we were foreigners, not India's own; we felt at home, safely held in her large warm embrace, content as we never were to be content in our own country."

The servants, in fact, come alive as the most important characters. Being a diversified group—Hindu, Muslim, Buddhist, and Christian—they revealed to the children the great variety of life in India; and, as unspoiled children do, the two Godden girls responded to their Indian experience in the most natural and beguiling way. Through their eyes we see how the English family kept aloof from the teeming life around them, living in their own sheltered home, deliberately cut off from, and superior to the busy Indian world. But like children all over the world, Jon and Rumer cut across the artificial and false distinctions of society—going for example, to the house of Guru, the gardener, for some of the happiest hours of their day.

Through their observant eyes and sympathetic approach, we see the Bengal landscape: the yellow of the mustard fields and the green of the acres of jute, the flowers and birds of the varying seasons, the monsoons and the dust-storms, the deaths and the weddings, the boats and the crocodiles. And in it all is that sense of surprise, excitement, and wonder that comes to us only once in our lives. The two sisters capture it inimitably and unself-consciously.

AS they grew older Rumer and Jon (they have an intriguing way of talking of themselves sometimes as "we" and at other times in the third person) began to be aware of their own developing personalities. Though still very close, they moved in different directions. Jon was rebellious, high-strung, and domineering. Rumer was quieter and more sentimental, though determined in her own way, and not given to Jon's self-exhibition. But both were sensitive and highly talented: Rumer loved to write, as Jon loved to paint.

As striking as the intimate collaboration of Jon and Rumer Godden is their wonderful remembrance of the past. That they should be able to recall in such vivid detail the past of five decades ago, when they themselves were so young, is remarkable. They recollect persons, scenes, incidents, and situations, their own experiences and their different feelings under similar circumstances, with breathtaking ease.

But what impresses us most is their genuine understanding of the Indian scene. It is far greater than that of the adults of their world. "Even as children," they say, "we knew [India] was a wonderful land, a continent, of every kind of climate, from the great snows and blizzards and glaciers of the North to arid desert plains; of forests, rivers, lakes; of every kind of plant, from alpines to tropical, of an infinite variety of animal, bird, reptile, and insect, and every kind of people." It is this understanding that makes them look below the surface (so often the only aspect that catches the eye of the visiting tourist) and grasp the wonder of life.

"Nonsense, Harry, everybody looks like somebody."

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The Many Ways of Man

Stranger and Friend: The Way of an Anthropologist, *by Hortense Powdermaker (Norton. 315 pp. $6.50), looks back over the author's twenty-five years of field work on sites ranging from Africa to Hollywood. Muriel Haynes writes reviews and critical articles for a number of American and British publications.*

By MURIEL HAYNES

THE ANTHROPOLOGIST is a traveler tyrannized by a project. This is at once his salvation and, in the recreation of his personal experience, his limitation. Loneliness, frustration, and tensions are held in check by the scheduled order of his days: interviews, the writing up of notes, exposure to rituals and communal life. Yet, inasmuch as experience serves a functional end, his responses are more calculated than spontaneous. We perceive him most clearly through his findings.

Over the past twenty-five years Dr. Hortense Powdermaker, a leading scholar and professor of anthropology at Queens College, has published extensive reports of four field studies. Now, returning to the scene of those investigations, she invites us to see them in the making; to watch her "stepping *in* to societies and *out* of them." Her narrative is neither wholly autobiography nor social science, but an uneasy journalistic amalgam of both. It begins with her study of late Stone Age Melanesian culture, when, fresh from her studies with Malinowski at the London School of Economics, she found herself the first white woman ever to live in the island village of Lesu in the southwest Pacific. Her final record, an examination of the influence of mass media on social change, was made in middle age in an African mining township.

We may take Dr. Powdermaker's word for it that there is a hunger among social scientists for chronicles of field work. She is an advocate of the participant-observer method of research, combining involvement and detachment in unraveling the relationships within a society: "An exclusive involvement with the under-dog (or with the top ranks) may prevent the necessary social, intellectual, and psychological mobility . . . for field work in a complex power structure." She tells of a colleague who boasted of getting into a fight with a European in a bar in Northern Rhodesia because of the latter's slurs on the Africans. Dr. Powdermaker reproves him: "You should have been taking notes."

However desirable such dissociation,

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the author recognizes that it requires strict cultivation. In the interaction between certain personalities and milieus, it occasionally eludes control. Such was her own case in Hollywood, where she went to study the effect of social organization on movie content. She found her work unsatisfactory, partly because of the inability to surmount her private attitudes and ideology.

Unfortunately, we never learn exactly what these personal feelings are, nor do we see them tested in encounter. Her declared intent is to show us "how the anthropologist feels as well as what he does," to "look inward as well as outward." But a lifetime of trained objectivity, encumbered by a lack of literary gift, thwarts self-examination. Modest, shrewd, warmly friendly, and unaddicted to introspection, Dr. Powdermaker clearly meets her own definition of the anthropologist as one who has "a sense of compassion and of a common humanity with all men"; yet her inner life remains closed to us.

Our interest must be aroused, then, by the character of the societies she explores. Her stay in Indianola, Mississippi, in the mid-Thirties is the most vividly rendered section of the book and has, of course, a special relevance to present social movement. In this rural community in Sunflower County, where twenty years later the White Citizens' Council was to be formed, she peels away the layers of guilt, phantasy, and insecurity that comprise Southern racism. Moving easily and with complete integrity between the black community, with its many stratifications, and the more rigid white society, the author is sharply observant and, indeed, prophetic. In the self-mockery of the blacks as they acted out their role of false humility, she sensed the confidence of victory. She perceived the lack of middle-class tradition in the whites and their substitution of a fanatic pretension to an aristocratic heritage.

In an epilogue, Dr. Powdermaker deplores the "emulation of the natural sciences by social scientists." She ventures the provocative theory that this trend developed in the work of those born between 1915 and 1930, who found increased economic opportunities in their profession, and whose preference for definite answers and formal rules reflects the temptations of acceptance by the cultural and academic apparatus. In the younger generation she sees signs of a return to a more humanistic view (her own), in which ambiguity and probabilities are recognized as inherent in the anthropologist's subject: man. This probing of generation-differences, a reliable technique in her field work, may be pondered by the thoughtful reader as he considers other aspects of our contemporary situation.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Crime, Suspense

BLIND SPOT. By Joseph Harrington. Lippincott. $3.95.

THE HOSTAGES. By Charles Israel. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

SIX DAY WEEK. By Alan Gardner. Coward-McCann. $4.50.

SOME AVENGER, RISE! By Lesley Egan. Harper & Row. $4.50.

Current Affairs

BURN, BABY, BURN!: The Los Angeles Race Riots, August 1965. By Jerry Cohen and William S. Murphy. Dutton. $5.95.

SECRETS OF ELECTRONIC ESPIONAGE. By John M. Carroll. Dutton. $3.95.

WHEN CHINA WAKES. By Robert Guillain. Walker. $5.95.

Fiction

THE BOGEYMAN. By Margaret Forster. Putnam. $4.95.

FEVER. Stories by J. M. G. LeClézio. Atheneum. $4.95.

RETIEF'S WAR. By Keith Laumer. Doubleday. $3.95.

RULERS OF DARKNESS. By Frederick J. Lipp. World. $6.95.

History

THE ABDICATION OF KING EDWARD VIII. By Lord Beaverbrook. Edited by A. J. P. Taylor. Atheneum. $4.50.

CHICHESTER TOWERS. By L. P. Curtis. Yale Univ. Press. $5.

CUSTER'S GOLD: The United States Cavalry Expedition of 1874. By Donald Jackson. Yale Univ. Press. $5.

THE FIVE STAGES OF THE JEWISH EMANCIPATION. By Josue Jéhouda. Barnes. $3.50.

THE HABSBURGS. By Dorothy Gies McGuigan. Doubleday. $6.95.

A HOUSE OF KINGS: The Official History of Westminster Abbey. Edited by Edward Carpenter. John Day. $16.

JOHN THE FEARLESS: The Growth of Burgundian Power. By Richard Vaughan. Barnes & Noble. $7.50.

THE PEOPLE INTO PARLIAMENT: A Concise History of the Labour Movement in Britain. By W. T. Rodgers and Bernard Donoughue. Viking. $8.95.

THE REIGN OF EDWARD IV. By Eric N. Simons. Barnes & Noble. $7.

SCIENCE AND POLITICS IN THE ANCIENT WORLD. By Benjamin Farrington. Barnes & Noble. $4.50.

STANKEVITCH AND HIS MOSCOW CIRCLE, 1830-1840. By Edward J. Brown. Stanford Univ. Press. $5.

THEY SAW IT HAPPEN IN EUROPE: An Anthology of Eyewitnesses' Accounts of Events in European History, 1450-1600. Edited by C. R. N. Routh. Barnes & Noble. $7.50.

Ideas

KNOWLEDGE AMONG MEN: Ten Essays on Science, Culture and Society Commemorating the 200th Anniversary of the Birth of James Smithson. Simon & Schuster/Smithsonian Institution. $5.95.

POETRY AND POLITICS, 1900-1960. By C. M. Bowra. Cambridge Univ. Press. $4.95.

Literary History, Criticism

DOSTOIEVSKY. By A. Steinberg. Hillary House. $3.

ESSAYS ON STYLE AND LANGUAGE: Linguistic and Critical Approaches to Literary Style. Edited by Roger Fowler. Humanities Press. $6.50.

HEINE. By Meno Spann. Hillary House. $3.

PIRANDELLO. By Oscar Büdel. Hillary House. $3.

POIESIS: Structure and Thought. By H. D. F. Kitto. Univ of California Press. $7.50.

Miscellany

THE ALIEN ANIMALS: The Story of Imported Wildlife. By George Laycock. The Natural History Press/Doubleday. $4.95.

LANGUAGE OF BALLET. By Thalia Mara. World. $4.95.

THE LEISURE WASTERS. By Connie O'Connor. Barnes. $5.95.

THE NEGRO IN AMERICA: A Bibliography. Compiled by Elizabeth W. Miller. Harvard Univ. Press. $5.

SOUTH OF THE MOON: On Stanley's Trail Through the Dark Continent. By Blaine Littell. Harper & Row. $6.95.

THESE ENTERTAINING PEOPLE: A Guide to Elegant Entertaining. By Florence Pritchett Smith. Macmillan. $7.50.

Personal History

THE EMINENT TRAGEDIAN, WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY. By Alan S. Downer. Harvard Univ. Press. $10.

THE LIDDELL HART MEMOIRS: The Later Years, Vol. II. Putnam. $7.50.

MARY BAKER EDDY: The Years of Discovery. By Robert Peel. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $7.50.

THROUGH THE BAMBOO CURTAIN. By Beryl Grey. Morrow. $3.95.

TRUJILLO: The Life and Times of a Caribbean Dictator. By Robert D. Crassweller. Macmillan. $8.95.

WOMAN OF VIOLENCE: Memoirs of a Young Terrorist, 1943-1948. By Geula Cohen. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $5.95.

Religion, Philosophy

THE FOURTH SESSION. By Xavier Rynne. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.50.

PRINCIPLES OF CHRISTIAN THEOLOGY. By John Macquarrie. Scribners. $7.95.

WHO'S WHO IN THE GOSPELS. By H. A. Guy. St. Martin's. $2.95.

Sociology

BEYOND CIVIL RIGHTS. By John Selby. World. $6.95.

—Compiled by NAID SOFIAN.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1. mouth. 2. mind. 3. eyes. 4. sin. 5. folly. 6. meddling. 7. peace. 8. trusteth. 9. God. 10. wise. 11. laughter. 12. darkness. (1-8: *Proverbs*. 9: *Psalms*. 10-12: *Ecclesiastes*.)

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FILM FESTIVALS—1966

1. New Faces at Berlin

EDITOR'S NOTE: *SR this month reports on three major European film festivals —Berlin, San Sebastian, and Cannes. Reports on other festivals will follow in subsequent issues.*

BERLIN.

FOR A FEW DAYS during the twelve-day Berlin International Film Festival, which ended July 5, the skies became leaden and poured down rain, and festival films being shown in the handsomest cinema of the city, the Zoo-Palast, matched this mood. Whether French, Spanish, Swedish, or German in origin, the movies dealt with vaguely defined anguish, dull despair, lacerations of the spirit.

Then the skies cleared, and the first of the official American entries—*Lord Love a Duck*—came along. The reaction to this strained attempt at satirical comedy was more enthusiastic than it deserved. Not that it was expected to take any prizes, with the exception, perhaps, of one for Lola Albright's performance as a rabbit-tailed cocktail waitress; but at least it moved along at a sprightly clip, and offered an abundance of modern American backgrounds (in this case, California), which Europeans generally appear to enjoy, even when they are being mocked. In fact, if the festival-opener, *The Russians Are Coming The Russians Are Coming*, had been entered in the competition the chances are that it would have been seriously considered at prize-giving time. American comedy, when it is good, is a welcome change from the glum and often deadly serious tone espoused by so many of the newer European film-makers, who often seem to make their films for festival showing and hope thereby to enlarge their reputations.

To this all-encompassing generalization an exception must be noted. The Italian entry was a sort of comedy, *A Question of Honor*, starring that agreeable actor, Ugo Tognazzi. But what a comedy! It tells of a man attempting to live by the age-old codes in Sardinia and forced, in the end, to shoot the wife he so dearly loves. Even the wife agrees that this must be her fate. This black comedy was made in bright technicolor, and there was very little laughter at the "joke."

Berlin as a festival place is off the pattern in that it is not a resort, has no beaches except for the overcrowded Wannsee, and has no center around which the activity revolves. The closest thing to a center is the *Kurfurstendamm*, with its terrace cafes, and the landmark for festival-goers is the ruined bell-tower of the Kaiser-Wilhelm Memorial Church, which is just about the last ruin left (deliberately) in West Berlin. From the church, if one's compass sense is set properly, the Zoo-Palast can be easily found in five minutes.

THIS year I participated in the festival as a member of the international jury, and as a result found my way incredibly smoothed. I was booked into the Park Hotel Zellermayer, quiet and somewhat removed from the busier Hilton and Kempinski, where most of the film dignitaries are lodged. Four chauffeured Mercedes cars and three interpreters were at the constant service of the nine jury members.

We eventually settled on three languages—German, French, and English. As the saying goes, we communicated, and how pleasurable to discover that standards, principles, and judgments did not differ radically, a tribute not to ourselves, but to the film medium with its transcendence of boundaries. The jury this year, though, was heavier than usual with critics, writers, and journalists, balanced by two producers and two directors. One of the directors was Pier Paolo Pasolini, the current Italian wonder, who always reacted with soft understanding to the human aspects of any film, even if it lacked technique or artistry.

A reaction to the Jean-Luc Godard mystique was in evidence at the festival, and not only among the jury members. His *Masculin-Feminin* was no longer an innovation, but a repetition of his previous methods, virtually a formula by now. A boy, a girl, much talk, shots held well beyond the point of boredom. What does it all mean? "See the film ten years from now," Godard seems to be saying. "For the moment I only present a boy and a girl of today." And there is the nagging suspicion that his supercilious technique may be only a cover-up for a profound lack of story-telling ability.

"Why don't they use the medium they have inherited?" asked Lars Forssel the Swedish jury member. And it was true; these new European directors took small subjects and tried to make them larger, or reduced large subjects to triviality (as in the case of Godard). Three of the films dealt with hunting and shooting, a trend of a kind. The Spanish film, *The Hunt*, showed three older businessmen revealing their futility and failure in a hunt for rabbits on an old Civil War battleground. The Swedish film, *The Manhunt*, undoubtedly had its unrevealed symbolic aspects, dealing as it did with two manhunters who wound an escapee in a snowbound forest, care for him in a hut, but refuse to bring him back to justice. The implication is that he will die, but at least he will die free. Cold comfort for both the criminal and the audience.

The German entry, *Off-limits for Foxes*, was the work of a very new director, Peter Schamoni. A young literary malcontent spends weekends at the estate of his friend's father where there are continual shooting parties. He and his friend despair, for the older people are mushy with nostalgia for the past, and how can the young participate in the present, if the present has been built by these same spiritually soiled elders? A perfectly relevant theme, but the exploration of a theme alone provides little engagement for an audience. It wants people and involvement.

When a Greek film, *Fear*, came along, lurid, melodramatic, contrived, but forceful and vivid in its direction, the audience responded with cheers, and the German newspaper critics railed at it. The theme was fear and guilt; the body of a raped and murdered deaf-mute girl rises to the surface of a lake, and retribution comes. . . . None of this goes down well with the younger intellectual Germans, for, presumably, they are tired of guilt, and of being reminded of guilt. But the director, Manoussakis, will be watched, if only because he did something so many of the others were unable to do: involve his audience.

The festival had its most distinguished film evenings with Satyajit Ray's *The Hero* and Roman Polanski's *Cul de Sac* (a British entry), and the jury argued long and hard before handing *Cul de Sac* the Golden Bear grand prize, eventually deciding that this time around Polanski's hard brilliance had the edge over the milder but more human Ray. Ray, however, was consoled with an Award of Honor for the body of his work. The Silver Bear for direction went to Spain's Carlos Saura,

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an award, it must be said, less for complete accomplishment than for encouragement. There was some suspicion of the motives behind awarding American Lola Albright a Silver Bear for her acting in *Lord Love a Duck*, for shouldn't it have gone to Lynn Redgrave for Britain's *Gregory Girl*? Put simply, most of us thought Miss Albright did more with less, and it can be stated categorically that Berlin's hospitality does not include free advice to the jury. In fact, the scrupulousness and seriousness of such as Festival director Alfred Bauer and his associate Edmund Luft extended to the surrounding events.

Max Ophuls was given a deserved retrospective, Mack Sennett was revived, the Brazilian film accomplishments were reviewed, and several films in the so-called "information" section were the equal of those in the competition. And for its festival social season, Berlin wins this observer's special-party award hands down.

—Hollis Alpert.

2. *Welles Captures Cannes*

Cannes.

Sophia Loren was president of the jury. Once in awhile, she even showed up to see the films. Princess Margaret kept a bored audience waiting forty-five minutes before putting in an appearance at a British screening. She was royally hissed. Rock Hudson went unrecognized on the Carlton Beach. After the reception his film received, perhaps it was just as well. Cannes was not Rock's scene.

For the twentieth anniversary of this earliest and most glamorous of film festivals, Cannes promised more celebrities, more elaborate soirées, more publicity than ever before. Small-time distributors flocked to it in droves. Money-hungry producers lounged around the lobbies on the many rainy days, hopefully talking co-production deals with eager equivalents from other shores, sending magic phrases such as "Eady Plan" and "Franco-Swedish aid" floating through the air. Not much business was done.

Prizes at these conclaves seldom reflect more than inadequate bows to as many different nationalities as possible, but the audience response was interesting. The two grand-prize winners, Claude Lelouch's *Un Homme et une Femme* and Pietro Germi's *Signore e Signori*, were greeted with the most violent round of boos, whistles, and catcalls that anyone could recall at Cannes. So were second prize-winner *Alfie*, and Serge Youtkevitch, who was named best director for *Lenin in Poland*, a semi-documentary only somewhat less forbidding than its title. The acting awards, by contrast, received a nice hand—Denmark's Per Oscarsson for his tormented portrayal of an artist driven mad by starvation in *Hunger* (an adaptation of the Knut Hamsen novel), and particularly Vanessa Redgrave, the charming mixed-up wife of *Morgan*. The one real ovation went to the old master, Orson Welles, whose *Chimes at Midnight* was reasonably declared "above the competition" and awarded a "Cannes Twentieth Anniversary" tribute citing Welles's overall contribution to the cinematic art.

Actually, it was a bit surprising at this late date to see the erstwhile boy-wonder come up with the best film at Cannes. His latest Shakespearean venture was plagued with the production difficulties that have marked every film from that determined anti-establishment genius since *Citizen Kane*. Made in Spain a year ago for a pittance raised by begging and borrowing on the names of the motley assortment of stars Welles was able to charm into unpaid participation, it had all the handicaps of a post-synchronized sound track dubbed with unmatching voices (more than one, as usual, unmistakably belonging to Orson himself); a big battle-scene shot with what could hardly have been more than twenty extras; and Welles's by-now familiar liberties with Shakespearean text. His film is a reshaped and much-abbreviated version of *Henry IV*, both parts (never considered among the Bard's more prepossessing achievements). Just the same, for all its flaws, the film turned out to be a fine one.

Norman Rodway's Hotspur may be too aggressively virile at the outset, and Keith Baxter's Hal too serious to give full weight to his terrible final renunciation of the faithful Falstaff, but both young actors—British, gifted, and unfamiliar—charge their roles with vigor, personality, and style. John Gielgud plays Henry IV and plays him definitively. As for Welles, predictably enough, his mammoth Falstaff is all presence and shaky in range; he loses the comedy but captures the pathos.

The curious miscasting of Jeanne Moreau as Doll Tearsheet (a sad mistake), Margaret Rutherford as Mistress Quickly, and a dubbed Marina Vlady as Hotspur's wife pales into insignificance beside the four strong males at the center.

Perhaps the oddest thing about this stimulating film is its conventionality. Welles, famed throughout his career as a director twenty years ahead of his time, has now finally let the times catch up.

Entertainment and movement were two qualities not much bothered about by most of the film-makers at Cannes. Antonioni was not to be seen, though his preferred actress, Monica Vitti, was; but the other two big influences on modern film-making, Jean-Luc Godard and Alain Resnais, were all over the place. Everywhere, that is, except in the competition. Both of their new films were bypassed by the French in favor of more conventional entries, but, conveniently exhibited in commercial theaters along the rue d'Antibes, they were the pictures everyone went to see.

The prolific young Godard, fresh from his greatest commercial and critical success in France with *Pierrot le Fou*, offered *Masculin-Feminin*, a low-budget, black and white exploration of the manners and mores of modern French youth. Resnais's *La Guerre Est Fini* used intelligent flash-forwards and a pair of elaborate montages to illustrate the sexual act, but otherwise added nothing new to the repertoire of techniques introduced in *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* and *Last Year at Marienbad*, except in the use of familiar actors—a melancholy Yves Montand as a Spanish refugee, and a stunning Ingrid Thulin as his wife.

Both features were clearly superior to the in-competition entries, including grand-prize winner *Un Homme et une Femme*. *La Religieuse*, a political *cause célèbre* in France since religious pressure-groups caused it to be unilaterally banned, at last achieved its public unveiling in defiance of government censors, and turned out to be an anticlimax. Germi's *Signore e Signori* surprised no one who had seen *Divorce Italian Style* or *Seduced and Abandoned*—broad social satire sometimes amusing but generally vulgar. Vulgarity was abundant, too, in *Alfie*, a flop on Broadway that was turned into an over-elaborate color comedy by Lewis Gilbert.

Alfie's prize represented a straightforward appreciation for the basic virtues of writing and acting, for Cannes in 1966 was no place for modernity. John Frankenheimer and Tony Richardson tried to be different, and their reception was hardly encouraging. Frankenheimer's *Seconds*, an offbeat study of a personality change stemming from a face-lifting, had a talented Broadway cast to surround the unhappy Rock Hudson, but was embarrassingly tricky in its fanciful technique. Richardson, directing France's reigning tragedienne, Jeanne Moreau, in *Mademoiselle*, was unabashedly erotic, but erred in embroidering Jean Genet's already symbol-laden script with shots of a full moon passing under clouds—three times, yet.

In the prevailing atmosphere, a group of neatly made, steadfastly unadven-

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turous Communist films met with a better response. So did Germany's polished *Young Toerless,* a handsomely directed investigation of troubled youth in a military school, marred only by a last-minute summation turning its message into an apologia for Naziism. Even Mario Monicelli's Vittorio Gassman costume comedy, *The Brancaleone Army,* a good-natured *Hercules*-type yarn of the sort usually found at neighborhood theaters, had its partisans at escapist-prone Cannes.

In fact, the one resolutely modern film in the competition, Joseph Losey's *Modesty Blaise,* was an unqualified disaster. There had been high hopes of another *Thunderball.* Unfortunately, Twentieth Century-Fox picked a director who hates James Bond, and Losey made a film which goes several strides beyond Op Art—so everything is far too far-out to be funny. Still, with the Welles, it was the most intriguing film here. Like the Welles, it is all of a piece, the vision of a stubborn individualist with a conception entirely his own. One wonders how *his* pictures will look in twenty years.

—Eugene Archer.

3. Gloom at San Sebastian

San Sebastian, Spain.

THE FOURTEENTH Festival International del Cine de San Sebastian was held this year between June 9 and 18. Both as a resort and as a film festival, San Sebastian would like to be Cannes, but it can't be.

Not that this Basque beach on the Atlantic entirely lacks the qualifications of its established rival to the north. The weather is fully as vile, and the prevailing atmosphere even more commercially predatory. San Sebastian, in fact, might serve as an object lesson for those who feel that most film festivals are too arty and high-brow. Any festival that opens with Doris Day in *The Glass Bottom Boat* has got to be out for fun at any price, but fun is hard to come by here.

It was refreshing some years ago to find a festival that would honor the genuine artistry of an "entertainment" film such as Alfred Hitchcock's *North by Northwest.* Since then, however, San Sebastian has become a dumping ground for whatever junk Hollywood wants to unload on the Spanish market at the time. This year, for example, the big companies shamefully abused Spanish hospitality with *Nevada Smith* and *Cast a Giant Shadow,* pictures that no one would dare submit to Cannes, Berlin, or Venice.

On the positive side, San Sebastian opens up some tantalizing glimpses of the outside world for censor-ridden Spain. There are no restrictions against films from behind the Iron Curtain, and this year Soviet Russia, Czechoslovakia, Poland, and Rumania were officially represented, while other Russian films were being screened nearby under the auspices of the festival. Nor is San Sebastian too snobbish to pick up some of the more highly regarded Cannes entries such as Claude Lelouch's *Un Homme et une Femme* and Volker Schlondorff's *Der Junge Törless.* And it may be noted in passing that Samuel Fuller's *Shock Corridor* was well received in the information section of the festival. The other reprises ran the gamut from *The Shop on Main Street* and *Dr. Zhivago* to Ermanno Olmi's peculiar tribute to Pope John with Rod Steiger as narrator.

Otherwise, there were no impressive standouts at San Sebastian, but there were felicitous moments here and there. A Czech film called *Intimni Osvetleni* strained a bit for its Chekhovian mood, but was nonetheless charming in its low-keyed evocation of the hopes and frustrations of provincial musicians dreaming of glory in Prague. Humor and pathos burst out unexpectedly from a loose frame in which nothing "dramatic" ever happens. At the other extreme was *At Zije Republica,* an over-directed, over-contrived saga of wartime childhood combining Walter Mitty with Czechoslovakia, Mon Amour. Karel Kachyna's direction is expert enough, but the picture runs about an hour too long, and the child makes Emmanuele Riva look like an amnesiac. Czechoslovakia remains a country to watch.

For those who had hopes after *The Suitor* that Pierre Etaix might become the new Keaton, *Tant qu'on a la santé* came as a grievous disappointment and a poor man's version of Tati's *Mon Oncle.* Pierre Etaix has talent but lacks a sense of proportion. His satire of the modern world is so exaggerated that the satire turns in on its own excesses, and his ending is nothing more than a corny anti-rock-'n'-roll cop-out.

Jean Herman's *Le dimanche de la vie* failed to bring off an interesting Raymond Queneau literary conception of the doomed world of the Thirties. Too much of the film is slack while the director searches for style, and the playing is uneven. But Danielle Darrieux and Françoise Arnoul evoke fond memories of past performances. Herman at least upholds the French obsession with form for its own sake, and he does finally go down with a bang rather than a whimper.

The British were represented by *I Was Happy Here,* in a Desmond Davis-Edna O'Brien reunion after their joint success with *Girl with the Green Eyes.* The mood here is more somber and less satiric, full of flashbacks and shock tonal contrasts of the sort we have been afflicted with from *Hiroshima, Mon Amour* to *Dear John,* but the intended poignancy never quite jells because of the director's monotonously intense moodiness from beginning to end. Sarah Miles, who graced the festival with her charming presence, is too attractive a girl to moon over such disagreeable types as Julian Glover and Sean Caffrey, and we never have the slightest doubt that she could do better at the nearest pub. Only Cyril Cusack as a philosophical innkeeper seems to keep a sense of balance throughout the proceedings.

The other British entry was Olivier's canned *Othello,* for which Frank Finlay's Iago was honored by the San Sebastian jury. *I Was Happy Here* won best picture, and the only surprise was that Sarah Miles lost out as best actress to an unheralded Argentine actress, Evangelina Salazar, in Enrique Carreras's pleasantly perceptive domestic drama, *Del Brazo y por la Calle.* Perhaps here we had a case of lingual affinity being decisive. Though a great deal has been written about the cinema as an international medium that transcends all the barriers of languages, it seems that when the chips are down we respond most deeply to the nuanced echoes of our own language.

THE jury award to director Mauro Bolognini for his direction of a free adaptation of Theophile Gautier's *Mademoiselle de Maupin* would have been the scandal of the festival if San Sebastian were given to scandals. With Catherine Spaak dressed up as a boy, Tomas Milian simpering like a fop, and Robert Hossein glowering like a hairy ape, the intrigue unfolds with all the verve of ancient Hollywood transvestism where the characters would coyly kiss each other to reveal cute boy-girl chemistry before the final fadeout. If Bolognini were trying for an elegant treatment of period masquerades, he was subverted by the coarseness of Catherine Spaak as the changeling.

San Sebastian, however, remained touchingly oblivious to the subtler esthetic distinctions. The film festival seems to serve primarily as an opportunity for the local bigwigs to dress to the teeth and to cross swords for the guests of honor each night. The autograph hunters are so desperate for celebrities that they besiege even visiting journalists. Certainly the gracious people of San Sebastian deserve a better film festival than they usually get.

—Andrew Sarris.

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Through Darkest Britain by Car

Britain's winding roads slow the pace, cure monotony and help you relax. . . . You can rent a car in Britain for $36 a week. . . . Britain's roads were designed for wanderers. . . . Anywhere you stop, you will usually find a cozy inn nearby. Four dollars is average for bed and breakfast. . . . There's every reason to rent a small car. They're ideal for wiggly English lanes. . . .

Have no misgivings about driving in a "strange" country. British bobbies speak your language. . . . Your car rental service will even provide a pilot to guide you out of London traffic. . . .
—*From a magazine advertisement.*

I'M SURE you've seen the above advertisement or similarly irresistible specimens put out by the British Travel Association to seduce us into gallivanting around England in little English cars. They're always illustrated by romantic photographs of romantic American couples hanging over the "bonnets" (hoods) of their jolly little cars on a wiggly country lane with a castle looming up in the background. Well, I am one of those who took up the challenge of the British Travel Association. I motored for 885 miles up and down England, and I am here to warn you that though it is a marvelous adventure, it isn't quite as relaxing and romantic as the British Travel Association would have you believe.

What my beautiful blonde wife and I had in mind was to rent a little car and make a tour of England, after a week in London. We would commence with the country churchyard at Stoke Poges, where Gray wrote his *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*. It's about twenty-five miles from London. My wife was uneasy about my driving in a country where you had to drive on the left side of the road; she doesn't think I'm such a skillful driver in the United States, where you drive on the right side of the road.

"Dash it all," I cried, stalking about in our London hotel, "I know left from right, and I've been driving twenty years without an accident, and I'm going to this drive-your-self, I mean self-drive agency, and reserve, I mean, book us a small English car, because they're ideal for wiggly English lanes, and also a pilot to guide us out of London traffic."

Which I did.

Rollo, as I shall call our pilot, arrived at our hotel about 11:30 a.m. on Monday. He was a ponderous fellow of advanced age who was wearing thick spectacles and was attired in a splendid chauffeur's uniform. He took off his chauffeur's cap and said, "Good morning, guv'nor. Shall I deposit your luggage in the boot?"

The "boot" turned out to be the trunk. The whole car was about the size of the trunk compartment of a typical American car, but I figured that was all part of the adventure, eh what?

Rollo opened the back door and my wife got into the back. I sat beside our "pilot" in the front. The steering wheel was on the right side, of course. He showed me which switches operated the lights, the heater, and the windshield wipers, and he demonstrated the gearshift. "I hope I can do it right," I said. He assured me that most of the "clients" from my country "got the 'ang of it quick." As is customary in British cars, the gearshift lever was on the left side of the steering column and the turn indicator on the right of the column. Rollo started the engine and swung into Curzon Street.

"Now, guv'nor," he continued, "in my experience there is only two things for the American driver to remember. Number 1: the roundabout. You slow up at the roundabout and give way to the other traffic." (The roundabout is nothing but one of our good old traffic circles. In England, you're constantly circling them.) "Second point, guv'nor," Rollo went on, "is watch the zebbrahs."

"The what?"

"Zebbrahs, sir. Passengers on foot have the right of way on zebbrahs. Slow down or come to a halt. Ah, there's a zebbrah now," he cried, slowing down, and I saw that a "zebbrah" (or zebra) is just a pedestrian crossing marked with slanting white stripes.

My "pilot" now asked where he should head us, as he would have to leave us soon. Americans, he added, usually want to go to Canterbury or Stratford-on-Avon. I said our first stop was Stoke Poges. Rollo appeared utterly mystified.

"Stoge Pokis, did you say, guv'nor? Now where would that be? Never 'eard of it. You sure you 'aven't got it in your mind to go to Bognor Regis. Splendid seaside resort, Bognor Regis."

I dragged out a map put out by the British Travel Association in which Stoke Poges was clearly listed as a literary landmark. The map showed it to be about twenty miles out of London. Shaking his head and sighing mournfully, he pulled over to the "kerb," took out a pair of thick spectacles and put them on top of his other thick spectacles. He studied my map, clucking dubiously. Suddenly one of those famous polite "bobbies" came over.

"Move on," he snarled politely. We were in a no-parking zone somewhere in Kensington. Rollo murmured apologetically about eccentric American tourists and "Poke Stogis," and decided to move on.

I began wondering about the whole tour. Here was a trained automobile pilot who didn't know a no-parking zone from a crumpet and didn't know how to get to Stoke Poges, so how was I going to get around in England?

Rollo told me not to worry. All over Britain I'd see yellow telephone booths along the road. These were AA booths. All I had to do was telephone and ask for traveling information. Furthermore, every road was patrolled by AA operatives on bicycles. They would salute me. They were ready to fix flats or solve any motoring problem. At Staines, a *banlieue* of London not far beyond London airport, Rollo stopped the car, got out, and said he advised me to keep on the A4 Road (the West Road, also known as the Bath Road), and follow the signs marked West. "Cheerio," he said, and went away very fast.

Here I was on an eight-lane highway—four lanes going west and four going east—and it was choked with traffic. Just choked. I was shivering all over. Then I started the engine, bravely shifted into first, and let out the clutch. Nothing happened. I gave it plenty of "petrol" and it still didn't move. I began cursing, and my wife said, "What you did was shift into left turn, darling, and I don't think it's too late to just leave the car right here and take a taxi to Victoria Station and get a train to Stoke Poges."

But I soon got things going, and we drifted into the thick stream of traffic, sluggishly moving at about ten miles an hour. We got to our first roundabout and I almost froze. I had to remember to bear left, always bear left, keep on the left side of the road and when you make a right turn make it into the left side of the road you're turning into, and I had to watch for the A4 West Road and then how was I to get out of the infernal roundabout and into the A4 West Road, and I went roundabout the roundabout two times and finally I got off it.

One of the great problems in British driving is "overtaking" (passing). Since most of the highways, even big ones, have only two lanes you must have a car that can accelerate fast so you can "overtake" the lorries or slow cars or even the surprising number of horse-drawn vehicles you will encounter. Usually you can't see much on the opposite side when overtaking a lorry because the lorries are very high. At blind spots there are always No Overtaking roadside

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signs, but the British maniacs blithely ignore them and overtake on "bends" (curves) and "hills" (hills). The experienced British driver will cut out of his lane, blind, into the rush of opposing traffic and then rapidly cut in again to his proper lane.

Sometimes as you get to the top of a hill, you'll see the sign, ALL VEHICLES EXCHANGE INTO LOW GEAR. Nobody does that. All go faster downhill so they can pass two or three lorries at once. You'll also sometimes see the sign DIVERSION. This does not mean that they are offering fun and games at a local carnival. It means a "detour"—usually a long and nasty one. The sign LAYBY means a rest area. One of the dottiest signs we encountered was on the A6, driving from Kendal to Keswick (pronounced Kessick). It said BEWARE OF SHEEP. It was the lambing season, and rams, ewes, and lambs were frisking all over the A6, overtaking lorries and bicycle riders like any intelligent English driver. Other signs tell you to BEWARE OF Cows and we even saw one in Yorkshire, BEWARE OF MUD.

I kept pressing on toward the west. I looked for AA telephone booths but I didn't see any. Then it struck me that Rollo was a liar. He had made up the entire AA story out of whole cloth. And where were all the old country estates and ancient cathedrals and winding little wiggly lanes? There were miles and miles of typical American traffic stagnating at typical American red lights and then maundering past typical scruffy American factory towns. It was like going through a succession of Elizabeths, New Jersey.

Then we got finished with Elizabeth, New Jersey; Gary, Indiana; and the Bronx, New York, and we began going through suburban towns, tacky suburban towns. And now besides cars of all sizes, lorries, and double-decker buses there were motorcycle riders, bicycle riders, and motorized bicycle riders. About 40 per cent of the British population bicycles to and from work, the pubs, the shops. You have never seen anything like the traffic on these roads.

In the town of Slough I asked for directions to Stoke Poges. The man I asked had heard of it, and told me it was "three turns" up. Three turns later I was no closer to it. Then I stopped another person, and he told me it was three "towns" up. I could hardly believe it, but three towns and three attacks of anxiety later, there it was, STOKE POGES LANE. I made the right turn into it, and here we discovered one of the glories of motoring in Britain—which is that in a mile you can go from the twentieth century to the eighteenth century—because suddenly we actually were coasting along peacefully and relaxingly in a quiet, wiggly, tree-shaded, absolutely charming English lane, more wonderful than that in any four-color advertisement of any travel association. It was pastoral. It was heavenly.

We went into a pub and had double scotches. Then we had a fine lunch that consisted of beef and barley soup, and for my wife, the *plaice* (a sort of fish like codfish in texture which had been covered with an egg batter and fried), and for me, baby lambchops. They were delicious. The price of the lunch was a ridiculous five shillings apiece—about 70 cents.

To our great surprise not only did the pubs throughout Britain offer meals superior to those of the chains in the States, but the hotel dining rooms (at least, those recommended by the AA) provided a quality of service, cuisine, and atmosphere comparable to the Plaza in New York or the Ritz-Carlton in Boston. I am thinking of lunches and dinners we had in the Lion Hotel in Shrewsbury, the Blossoms in Chester, and the Armathwaite Hall in Bassenthwaite Lake (north of England)—and all these are small towns, no larger than Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Take the 300-year-old Blossoms Hotel in Chester (population 59,300). When we lunched there, my wife ordered the smoked Scotch salmon, followed by roast beef (served from a tray and cut the way she likes it, medium rare and thin) and two vegetables, and I had a genuinely *fresh* fruit cup and baked ham with wine and raisin sauce. We both had cheese and coffee, and we had a demi-bouteille of Beaujolais (all these restaurants, even in small towns, offer an extraordinary choice of French and German wines, including the *grand cru* Bordeaux reds). That first-quality Blossoms lunch cost a paltry 10 shillings each—that is, about $1.50—plus the cost of wine and coffee. We had sumptuous dinners all along the way for a pound (about $2.80), meals that you couldn't equal in New York for less than $10, without the kind of service you get in the AA-recommended dining rooms throughout Britain.

Distances are so small in England that in the first day's driving, despite a series of misadventures, we made a long visit to the country churchyard at Stoke Poges, spent a few hours in Oxford, and got to Stratford-on-Avon that evening.

Despite all the confusions, hazards, misinformation from friendly samaritans, and the often bizarre insanity of the traffic, I'd still rather tour Britain by car than any other way, even though there are many difficulties in the process. Going by car and not rushing yourself gives you the feel, the contour, the swiftly changing landscape of Britain. There are absolutely magnificent cathedrals in Lincoln, in York, in Shrewsbury, besides the celebrated ones in London

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and Canterbury. Facing the square in Shrewsbury—a city to which no American guidebook to my knowledge does ample justice—are Owen's Mansion, built in 1592, and Ireland's Mansion, 1575. Both are still in use as commercial establishments and are in extraordinarily good condition. A series of small, narrow, cobblestoned streets named Butcher Row, Fish Street, and Grope Lane have all the look and feel of a small town of the Middle Ages, and, though still used as places of business and residence, are perfectly preserved.

Then there is Chester, another memorable place to which, again, no guidebook in prominent use by Americans comes anywhere near doing justice. We'd planned just a pause in Chester for a quick look and a nice lunch, and then to drive right on to the Lake District, our ultimate goal, for we wanted to see the country that Wordsworth, Coleridge, De Quincey and so many other Englishmen had loved and about which they'd written. Our projected brief pause became a fascinating five hours—among the most thrilling of any one trip I have ever taken.

THERE are, as in many English towns, fine examples of Elizabethan and Tudor timber-framed houses and carved wood decorations. But there is, above all, a Roman wall. Chester is the only English city that still possesses a complete, undestroyed wall that goes all around the city. It isn't until you climb a staircase and begin to walk around the wall—originally built by the legions of the Roman Empire about 1,800 years ago, and later made higher and thicker and stronger during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries—that you understand what is meant by the phrase "medieval walled city," and how such a wall, high and forbidding, protected the townspeople against the invaders from Scotland or Wales or the South. It takes about two hours to walk this wall, and I found this the most historically perceptive physical act I have ever done. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, if we had been going by train we wouldn't have dreamed of giving ourselves the luxury of this experience. In fact, we wouldn't even have known of this glorious medieval wall.

Because of the mobility and freedom from bus and train schedules, the automobile gives you many such moments of serendipity, of sudden discoveries unlooked for and undreamed of, which became among the most memorable experiences of the trip. And, I must report, once we drove past Liverpool, we saw hordes of AA yellow-painted telephone booths and innumerable AA road samaritans, and every time we passed one he saluted me smartly, and I saluted him right back. —MAURICE ZOLOTOW.

TV AND RADIO

The Stampede for Excellence

THE SUMMER'S most entertaining courtship is the wooing of the intellectuals by the networks—an amusing paradox, for never have the networks needed the intellectuals less. Profits are so great for all that they can no longer be spent within the companies but must be diverted to the purchase of nonbroadcasting enterprises. The general public, either happy or apathetic about television, needs no wooing.

And there remains no threat of government interference with this state of affairs. The departure of E. William Henry from the chairmanship of the Federal Communications Commission, and the appointment of Rosel Hyde as the new chairman, seem to signal the end of the brief Kennedy-inaugurated interlude of serious concern for the public interest in broadcasting.

As for Congress, five bills have been introduced recently seeking extension of the present three-year license for broadcasters to six and seven years. FCC Commissioner Robert E. Lee said: "I think there is an extremely good chance that the bills will pass." He is in favor of an "open-end" license that would mean stations would not have to file for renewal unless the commission sought it.

Thus, the corporate image is all, just now, that remains as an object of network competition. So the daily communications of the network press departments are awash with talk of excellence, creativity, experiment, innovation, daring, and risks.

ABC has felt the pinch most, having led the industry to the nadir of the wasteland. Its merger with International Telephone and Telegraph signalled its drive for an image upgrading. At the 1965 convention of the National Association of Broadcasters, Leonard H. Goldenson, President of American Broadcasting Companies, Inc., beat the industry's chest for lack of "experiment, dissent, and discovery," and announced "a creative hour for prime time in 1966, to be filled we know not now, how." Early this year he found out, and the drums began for *ABC STAGE 67*, which premieres in the fall (Wednesday nights, 10-11 p.m.) for twenty-six weeks of "drama, comedy, fantasy, the dance, documentary, and anything else we can think of."

At the 1966 NAB convention, FCC Chairman Henry publicly patted ABC on the back for its enterprise. Shortly thereafter, emboldened by viewers' praise of its production of *Death of A Salesman*, CBS took up the cause of "significant drama on television" by announcing special productions of such contemporary classics as *The Glass Menagerie* and *The Crucible*. ABC raised its bid for glory by adding *Sunday Night at the Theatre* (once a month, Sundays, 9-11 p.m.). We're *already* negotiating for contemporary classics, said ABC in effect, naming *A Streetcar Named Desire*, *You Can't Take It With You*, and *The Diary of Anne Frank*.

Now it was CBS's move, and it announced allocation of "a half-million dollars to encourage the writing of *original* drama expressly for television . . . We will pay up to $25,000 for every drama commissioned." By now everybody who is anybody creatively is pouring into the act—stars, directors, producers, writers, etc. Curiously, ABC has been able so far to lure back only one of the so-called Golden Age of Television playwrights. NBC hasn't been heard from yet. (At one point a spokesman said: "We've got plans in the works but we've got to change them—they're too much like the ones CBS recently announced.") So the scramble goes.

The "adventure in excellence" will be costly; but much of the risk is being passed on to the local stations. The time periods allocated to the quest lead right into their local 11 p.m. news programs; if the lead-in ratings sag it will be the local stations who get hurt.

Some observers in the industry take a cynical view of the quest for quality drama. Robert Montgomery, who produced his own drama show for television, believes the whole campaign is designed to divert the public's attention from the monopoly control by the networks of all television programing.

"You can't buy quality with speedy money," Mr. Montgomery told me. "Lack of drama on television is merely a symptom. The disease is centralized control. In the Golden Age of TV drama, the nets controlled only 36 per cent of the programs; now they control 99.1 per cent. They lack the judgment of quality. You won't have quality television until the monopoly control is broken."

Intellectuals may watch some of the highly-touted new shows next season; they may even like some. But if they capitulate, if they say, "Well, TV is getting better," and forget the day-in, day-out, meat-and-potato sins of the industry, they will settle for a mess of excellence. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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Personal Privacy

Continued from page 41

defined the phrase, "system of social accounts," to include mixtures of systems analysis, simulation, and operations research in proportions required for particular cases. Systems analysis and operations research are now in wide employment in military planning and extraterrestrial space exploration. Simulation techniques are part of current plans for global weather observation and forecasting.

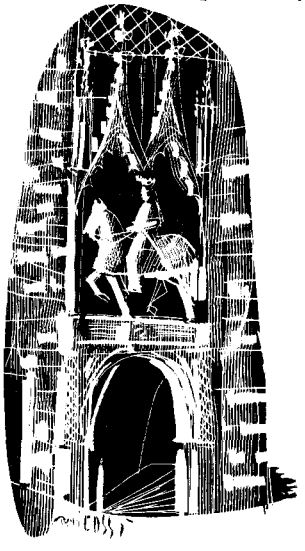
How close are we to a workable "system of social accounts"?

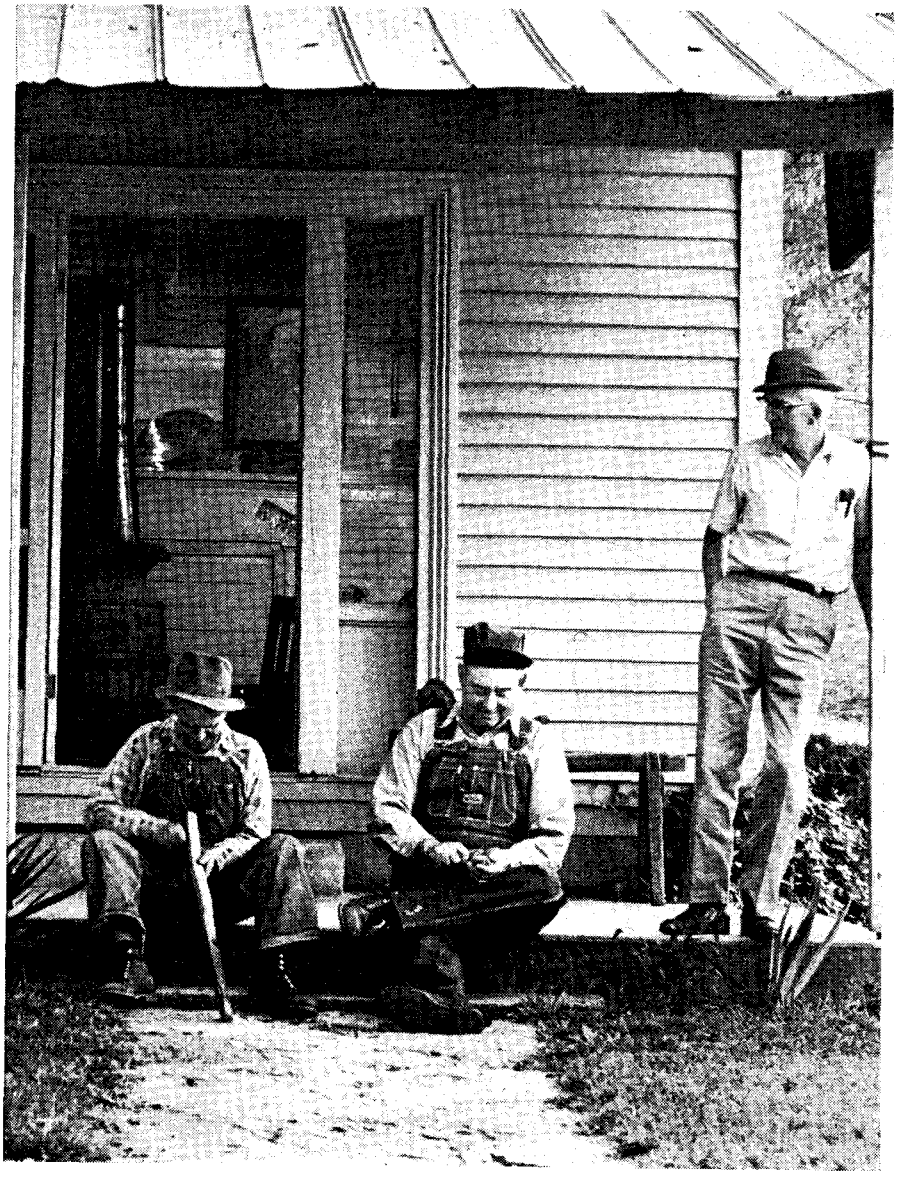
One of the best informed men on earth on the subject of computer development is Dr. Cuthbert Hurd, chairman of the board of Computer Usage Company, Inc. In addressing the National Automation Conference of the American Bankers Association in Chicago last month, Dr. Hurd observed that no computer manufacturer today markets an "operating system" flexible enough to apply all the diverse talents of computing machines to any complex problem.

"I suppose," Dr. Hurd told the bankers, "that as much as 200 man years of effort might be required to produce a modern operating system, costing say $5,000,000."

If such a system were to be perfected, Dr. Hurd said, "it is still unclear whether proprietorship [of the system] could be maintained under the existing patent or copyright laws."

There are two ways, then, to state the challenge of computerized society. One was succinctly put in a recent issue of *The American Scholar* by Lynn White, Jr., professor of history at the University of California in Los Angeles: "Must the miracle of the person succumb to the order of the computer?" The other statement comes from Paul Baran: "What a wonderful opportunity awaits us to become involved in such problems as to exercise a new social responsibility."





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As Others See Us

LONDON:

Mr. Wilson Dissents

THE PRIME MINISTER has dissociated himself from [the American bombing of North Vietnam's oil depots]. His statement will be regretted in Washington, where British support has been valued; but it is absurd to think that if he went to Washington sooner than planned his presence could make any difference. President Johnson believes that bombing the supply dumps will shorten the war. He may well be wrong. If he is wrong his next decision could be even more ominous than this one.

—*The Times.*

Reagan's New Role

FOR THE FASTIDIOUS it was bad enough two years ago when the former song and dance man, George Murphy, walked away with one of California's two Senate seats. But that has been as nothing to the shock caused by Ronald Reagan's landslide victory. . . .

Of course, the American electoral system has thrown up its freaks before—and most of them have provoked nothing more than amused condescension from the rest of the nation. This time, however, the reaction is much more like alarm than amusement.

Two factors possibly explain it. First, California is not the kind of state that can be dismissed as, for example, Louisiana was in the days of Huey Long. Already one in every ten American voters lives here. . . . Secondly, Reagan himself is far from being the empty-headed, amiable TV personality which many of his critics have made the mistake of depicting him as . . . Today he is the crown prince of Goldwater Republicanism, the Bonny Prince Charlie of a fervent, by no means abandoned, cause. . . . In terms not just of a film actor's professionalism—but also of political finesse—it has been a much more impressive display than any put up by Goldwater himself. . . .

To come to California is to realize the reality of racial tension. On all sides it is assumed that any of three or four places may well be under martial law by the end of the summer. The re-emergence of Goldwaterism here at this time is perhaps the cruellest card that fate could have dealt. In the wake of a second Watts riot no one doubts that Ronald Reagan will play it for all he is worth. Governor Brown is sure to be the first casualty: he is unlikely to be the last.

—*Anthony Howard in The Observer.*

EDINBURGH:

Whither Arabia?

THE SPLIT BETWEEN the revolutionary and the traditionalist Arab leaders has now reached a dangerous stage, and Russia and America are both inevitably drawn into an Arab quarrel. When the Soviet Prime Minister, Mr. Kosygin, visited Cairo . . . he appeared to give a considerable degree of endorsement to President Nasser's adventurist policy in Arabia. It is understandable that King Faisal should try to secure as much support as possible from President Johnson and remind him that Vietnam is not the only problem in the world.

But President Johnson should not at this stage commit himself entirely to the Saudi Arabian side. . . . So far, President Nasser's bellicosity has been more verbal than practical. Prudence may still prevail on both sides. —*The Scotsman.*

WARSAW:

Mistaken Directions?

MORE AND MORE new facts testify to the lack of popularity in the world of the U.S. policy of adventure and intimidation. In the White House one can notice ever growing anxiety and nervousness. Two trends for the solution of the situation which is so embarrassing for the United States can be noted in Washington quarters: One trend is toward continuation and escalation of the cold war and the armaments race, and the unleashing and spreading of conflicts and wars of the Vietnam type.

On the other hand, there is the trend toward realistic cooperation with the socialist countries based on mutual advantages in the interest of peace. Advocates of the latter trend start from the principle that the United States should abandon the idea that force allegedly can ensure U.S. prestige in the world. This concept is based on a realistic appraisal of the balance of power and has supporters among soberly thinking politicians. The future will show when it will prevail in Washington. . . .

—*Radio Poland.*

MOSCOW:

Uncordial Entente

WASHINGTON, BONN AND LONDON made France responsible for the NATO crisis. Every objective observer, however, realizes that the position of France is not the cause of the crisis, but its logical consequence.

NATO leaders have often increased tension in Europe. The Soviet Union and the other socialist countries have continuously striven, and will continue to strive, for an easing of tension. They will continue to oppose the spreading of the war fire in Europe, and especially the attempts of Bonn to get hold of nuclear weapons. —*Tass.*

TORONTO:

Prospecting for Prosperity

OF ALL THE OBSTACLES to any policy aimed at assuring Canadian control of the Canadian economy, the most powerful is the fear that such a change would lower Canada's standard of living . . . . But there are good reasons for believing not only that the change can be made without serious harm to the well-being of the Canadian people, but that in the long run it will lead to a higher level of prosperity. . . .

The program which former Finance Minister Walter Gordon has brought forward, for example, relies on measures designed to persuade American-owned subsidiaries to make their shares available to Canadians and to mobilize Canadian savings to buy back companies which have fallen under foreign control. . . . Foreign subsidiaries often operate under severe restrictions imposed by the parent company in its own interest. If these links can be loosened, such concerns will have more freedom to do their own research, develop new products and processes, and export to foreign markets—to the benefit of all Canadians.

—*Toronto Daily Star.*

VANCOUVER:

Groan on the Range

THE UNITED STATES may have gone too far when it cornered the market on Canadian buffalo meat. Just because we rationalize American control of our industry doesn't mean we will stand for any affront to our sovereignty. The Yankees should know that historically our barbecue is our first line of defense. . . .

The knowledge that no Canadian buffalo will be available for domestic consumption right through the 1967 crop year . . . is what galls the most. We've

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still got beavertails, goldeyes and pemmican, but for how long? Is even maple syrup sacred?

—*Vancouver Sun.*

BOGOTA:

The Space Race

THOSE THAT SEE no farther than the ends of their own noses, with an incredible myopia that blinds them to the future, are accustomed to criticize the fabulous costs occasioned by the conquest of space. But they do not stop to analyze in any form the benefits that have been derived from these experiments. For example, in the field of communications, Telstar is a prodigious accomplishment in the service of man's entertainment and understanding. Other examples are in the investigation of meteorological phenomena and in the production of new articles and products that aid in the prolongation of human life. Future benefits of the space race are both infinite and unimaginable. . . .

—*El Spectator.*

HAVANA:

Dominican Payoff

JOAQUIN BALAGUER, a notorious pro-Trujillo figure and the recently elected President of the Dominican Republic . . . is ready to repay the U.S. Government with his first service. The Mexican weekly, *Prensa Libre,* has disclosed that President Balaguer will surrender part of his country's territory to the U.S. Government for the establishment of a naval base . . . . This U.S. plan . . . reeks of war and obstinate belligerency. The government in Washington plans to saturate the world with aggressive military bases. . . .

All of this military machinery, unprecedented in world history, is geared toward objectives that are the heart and *raison d'être* of imperialism. These objectives are: to sustain perpetual threats over all nations; to stoke the fires of the cold war in order to keep ablaze the furnaces of large armaments factories . . . and to strengthen neocolonialism. The U.S. Government reinforces its bases in Latin America only to preserve the status quo. —*Radio Havana*

MEXICO CITY:

The Barrio Barrier

THERE'S NO DENYING that a certain amount of discrimination against Mexicans exists in the United States. But it is also a fact that, beyond discrimination, many of the Mexicans resident north of the Rio Grande are victims of their own tendencies toward isolation. . . .

There are Mexicans who have been in the United States for forty years and who have refused to learn English. Despite the fact that their children are American citizens by birth, despite the fact that they know—although few will resign themselves to it—that they will die far from their native soil, they will not take on U.S. citizenship. . . . Our people, more by their own volition than by outside pressures, remain on the sidelines. . . .

Meanwhile the Mexican living in the United States continues pretending to be *muy mexicano;* he doesn't worry himself about giving his children a better education—and in the United States only those who don't wish to be are not educated; he maintains the custom of segregation; he celebrates the 16th of September [Mexican Independence Day] instead of the 4th of July. . . . He will call himself discriminated against, but he alone puts himself to one side.

—*Carlos Gutierrez in El Sol de Mexico.*

PEKING:

Vietnamese Election

THE U.S. IMPERIALISTS are trying to open a channel for the United Nations intervention in the Vietnam question through the U.N. presence in the September "election" farce in South Vietnam. At the instigation of the United States, its puppet regime in South Vietnam has already "invited" the United Nations to send "observers" to "observe" the illegal election. . . .

The United Nations has nothing to do with the Vietnam question. But the U.S. Government has always tried to associate the U.N. with it. . . . Its latest move is clear evidence of its design to make more of its flunkeys and accomplices pull its chestnuts out of the fire in South Vietnam under the U.N. flag. . . .

—*Peking People's Daily.*

TOKYO:

Fact and Fiction in Vietnam

IS IT POSSIBLE to obtain true reportorial coverage of the situation in Vietnam? The events in Vietnam have shown such a variety of changes that this question was taken up as the theme of a recent meeting of journalistic scholars in Tokyo. The tremendous difficulties involved in covering Vietnam have become recognized by journalists all over the world.

These difficulties probably led to the request for cooperation made by the Columbia Broadcasting System of the United States to the Tokyo Broadcasting System (TBS) of Japan. . . . The recent trend of events in Vietnam, however, discourages working with an American staff, and the need to protect the cooperating Japanese cameramen and technicians from harm undoubtedly forced TBS to reject the offer. . . .

The greatest obstacle faced by newsmen in Saigon is the difficulty in sorting out the truth from among the mass of reports that are constantly flying about wantonly. Announcements made by the South Vietnam Government and by the U.S. military command are often contradictory. And Hanoi Radio usually comes up with something entirely different. . . . In regard to the American bombings of North Vietnam, the figures issued by the U.S. authorities and Hanoi vary as much as six times. . . .

—*The Mainichi Daily News.*

—*Szpilki, Warsaw.*

"Marshal Ky, these are from Washington. Put them on, the South Vietnamese want a civilian government."

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Government

Continued from page 25

employees themselves after employment, reliable information now can be fed into computers where it can be confidentially stored and used.

Most federal managers need more knowledge of computers in order to best use their capacities. With this in mind the commission last year established an ADP Management Training Center in Washington. More than 2,300 federal employees have attended its sessions.

There seems no doubt that increasing use of computers in government, accomplishing many of the clerical tasks by machine, will affect the skill requirements and the "occupational mix" of government service in the future. The Civil Service Commission has made an extensive study of this question, and is giving it continuing attention. Employee displacement has not been extensive; with intelligent planning an agency can prevent hardship for the employees affected.

An outstanding example is furnished by the Internal Revenue Service, which has done an exemplary job of minimizing the impact on employees in its extensive ADP conversion program through advance planning, and intensive retraining and placement efforts. This is the kind of personnel job no computer can handle.

This seems to me to be the answer to those who fear that computers will deemphasize humanity. Far from it! By removing the clerical decisions and the mass of paperwork details the computer may well free the mind of man for more worthy use.

Already it has heightened the need for imaginative and innovative managers who can grasp ideas, think in broad, philosophical terms, and apply such terms in decisions relating to public welfare. It has forced a finer degree of quantitative precision in executive judgment. It has liberated the manager to give his mind to greater scope of creativity. Rather than degrading the worth of the human being, the computer has placed a premium on man at his best.

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(Continued on page 72)

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PERSONALS

(Continued from page 71)

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Madden.	52 134 55 180 97 76 164 154 114
B. Starry.	9 165 162 27 153 92 183 142
C. Prosperous medieval European kingdom, also called Burgundy.	111 75 15 64 48
D. Coupe, or limousine with no cover over the driver, named for an earlier vehicle and sounding like a legendary one used on Halloween.	69 65 168 44 56 121 133 81
E. Amer. polar explorer (1880-1951).	4 14 19 43 163 57 127 116 73
F. Refulgent.	58 136 60 7 167 158 41 172
G. Freedom from narrow limits.	53 128 25 10 33 123 178 22
H. One of the Apostles, brother of Simon Peter, crucified in Achaia.	51 169 20 3 184 151
I. Like one of the *things that go bump in the night*, in the old Scottish prayer.	108 113 87 119 140 150 122 161
J. Pertaining to hearing.	49 39 130 103 138 26 42 77
K. British slang for cash; the one animal in Africa disliked by Mrs. Martin Johnson.	70 50 99 174 82
L. Chronological verb meaning one thing to the historian, another to the teen-ager.	28 47 72 106 159 95
M. Pheasants' family.	88 32 157 34
N. Worker who puts on the finishing touches.	126 45 5 156 21
O. What the old warning jingle tells us Elmer Gray died maintaining (3 wds.)	104 61 181 84 112 38 1 132 145 29
P. Adjective for both Milton's *pensive Nun, devout and pure*, and Keats's *Bright star*.	101 160 13 152 68 144 94 131 63
Q. Turned to profitable account.	79 83 96 105 24 155 110 177
R. Source of animal vigor or health.	135 179 115 185 71 12
S. The *Wonderland* creature who sang of *Beautiful Soup* (2 wds.)	125 173 16 102 141 31 80 11 98 148
T. Make greater in value or desirability.	74 176 182 66 129 89 166
U. One of the many kinds of imitation diamond.	143 8 18 107 85 62 147 40 100 90
V. Student-disciple.	93 170 117 30 36 139 86
W. Assuaging pain.	175 23 118 59 37 67 171
X. Any of various luminous larvae.	120 35 54 91 109 2 149 124
Y. Resembling a common bird of solemn aspect.	78 46 146 6 137 17

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

				1 O	2 X	3 H		4 E	5 N	6 Y	7 F	8 U		9 B	10 G	11 S
12 R	13 P	14 E	15 C		16 S	17 Y	18 U	19 E	20 H	21 N	22 G	23 W		24 Q		25 G
26 J	27 B	28 L		29 O	30 V	31 S		32 M		33 G	34 M	35 X	36 V		37 W	38 O
39 J		40 U	41 F	42 J		43 E	44 D	45 N		46 Y	47 L	48 C		49 J		50 K
51 H	52 A	53 G		54 X	55 A		56 D	57 E	58 F	59 W		60 F	61 O	62 U	63 P	64 C
65 D		66 T	67 W	68 P		69 D	70 K	71 R	72 L	73 E	74 T	75 C		76 A		77 J
78 Y	79 Q	80 S		81 D	82 K	83 Q	84 O	85 U	86 V		87 I	88 M	89 T	90 U		91 X
92 B	93 V		94 P		95 L	96 Q	97 A	98 S		99 K	100 U		101 P	102 S	103 J	104 O
105 Q	106 L	107 U	108 I		109 X	110 Q	111 C	112 O	113 I	114 A	115 R		116 E	117 V	118 W	119 I
120 X	121 D		122 I	123 G	124 X	125 S	126 N	127 E		128 G	129 T	130 J		131 P	132 O	133 D
134 A		135 R	136 F	137 Y	138 J		139 V	140 I	141 S	142 B	143 U		144 P	145 O	146 Y	147 U
148 S	149 X		150 I		151 H	152 P	153 B	154 A	155 Q	156 N	157 M		158 F	159 L		160 P
161 I	162 B		163 E	164 A	165 B	166 T	167 F		168 D	169 H	170 V	171 W		172 F	173 S	174 K
	175 W	176 T	177 Q		178 G	179 R	180 A	181 O	182 T	183 B	184 H	185 R				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 8 of this issue.

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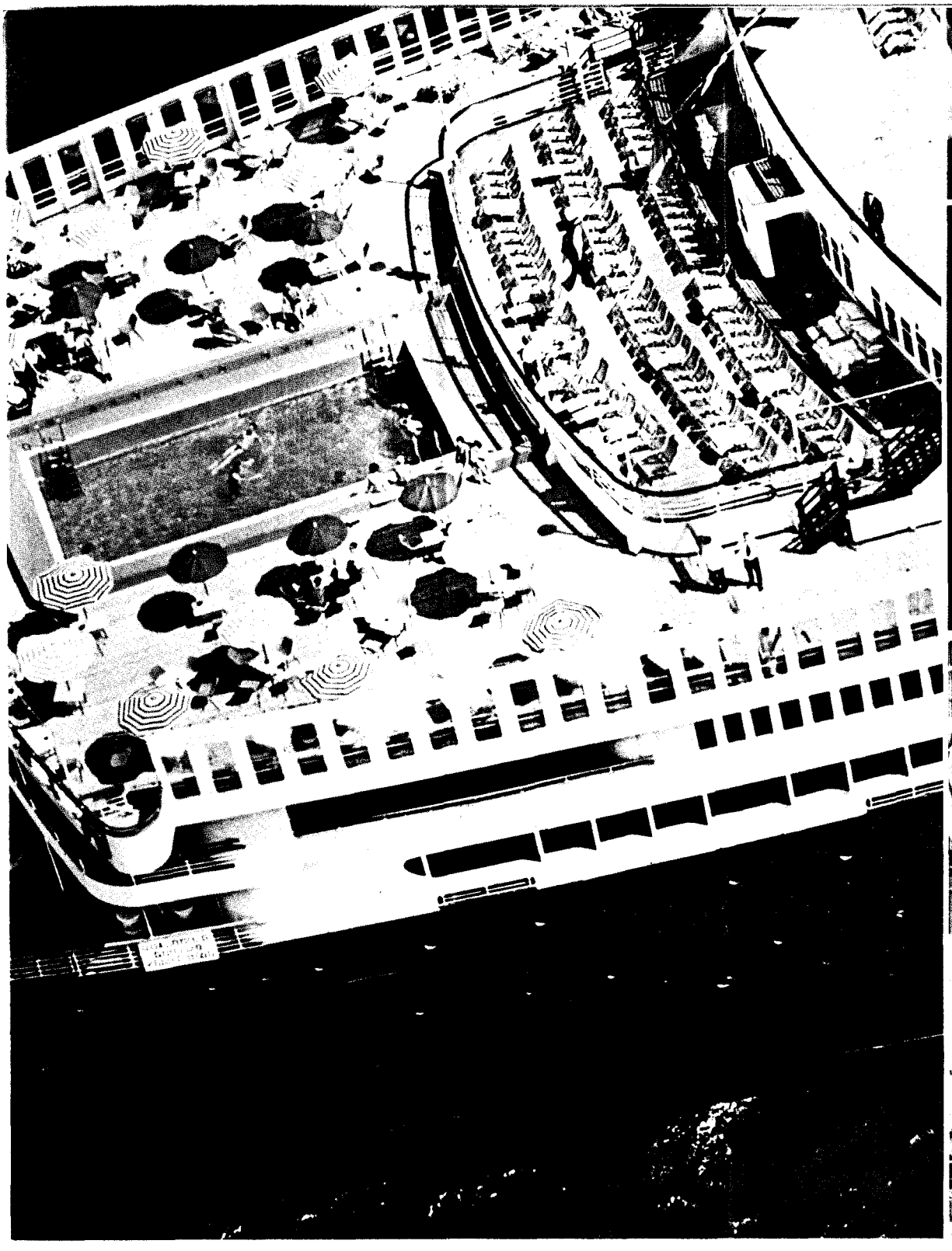

big top

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